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ART. I.—*Vie d' Ulrich Zuingle, &c.*

*The Life of Ulrich Zuingle, the Reformer of Switzerland.*  
By M. J. G. Hess. Paris, Paschond, 1810. London,  
Dulau, 10s.

THE life of this virtuous reformer, drawn from the most authentic sources, and written with impartiality and precision, is calculated to fill up a void in ecclesiastical biography. Zuingle is less celebrated in the annals of the reformation, than Luther or Calvin, either because less connected with the great political events of his time, or because his name has not served for the designation of a sect. But though his memory is not irradiated in religious history with so much splendour as that of the two great men whom we have mentioned, yet he was equal to either in ability and knowledge, and superior to both in tolerance and moderation. He was contemporary with Luther, and he was a predecessor of Calvin. The opinions which he defended, he did not imbibe at second hand. He was an original thinker on the subject of that ecclesiastical reform, which it was the great object of his life to obtain.

Ulrich Zuingle was born on the 1st. of January, 1484, at the village of Wildhaus, in the county of Tockenburgh in Switzerland. His father was a simple husbandman, but in easy circumstances. The marks of talent which

young Ulrich exhibited, determined his father to educate him for the church, which at that time offered the most favourable sphere for intellectual competition, or in which persons in the obscure situations of life might rise to eminence and distinction.

Ulrich Zuingli was first sent to Basle, and afterwards to Berne, where a classical school had been established. Here he studied the rules and the practice of eloquence in the models of the ancients. The capture of Constantinople, and the invention of printing, had recently given a new and vigorous impulse to the cultivation of Greek and Roman literature, which has ever since been considered as the basis of liberal education. The remarks of M. Hess on this subject, are, we think, deserving of attention; and particularly by those who have lately made a rude and impetuous attack on the value of classical learning.

‘Nothing is more proper to invigorate the intellectual faculties of youth than the study of the dead languages. The continual application of the rules serves incessantly to quicken the attention of the scholar; the necessity of investing the same idea in different expressions, and the choice of words, more or less elegant, more or less noble, more or less energetic, exercise at the same time, the taste and the judgment, without wearying the minds of young persons with an occupation above their strength.’

During his stay at Berne, Zuingli was on the point of embracing a profession which would have changed the destiny of his life. The Dominicans, who then enjoyed a great reputation in this town, were anxious to maintain their influence by enlisting young men of promising talents under the banners of their order. With this view they had fixed their attention on young Zuingli. They persuaded him to come and lodge in their convent, till he had obtained the age required for his novitiate. His father was alarmed at the idea of such an irrevocable engagement. He removed him from Berne to the university of Vienna. Here he studied the fashionable philosophy of the times, which consisted in the definition of indefinable things, and the subtleties of which were more admired in proportion as they were less understood. Zuingli felt no propensity to this kind of unprofitable pursuit; but he endeavoured to overcome his repugnance that he might not be inferior to his contemporaries in what they esteemed a point of excellence.

After spending two years at Vienna, Zuingli returned

to his father's house. He then went a second time to Basle, where he made his *debut* in the career of instruction. The place of schoolmaster becoming vacant, it was confided to Zuingle, though a stranger, and scarcely eighteen years of age. In this important vocation he laboured successfully in promoting the study of ancient literature, and he deserves honourable mention among the restorers of useful learning, as well as of pure religion in Switzerland.

\* Few particulars are known respecting the time which Zuingle passed at Basle, except that he took the degree of master of arts in that university; and that he cultivated the science of music of which he had learned the elements in his infancy. This art constituted at that time an essential object in the education of those who were destined for the church. Zuingle regarded it as an agreeable mode of refreshing the mind after the exhaustion of religious toil, and of softening that austerity of character which the recluse habits of a student are apt to give. He recommended music to those persons, who are destined for a laborious and sedentary life.

After passing four years at Basle, Zuingle was chosen spiritual pastor of Glarus, the chief place in the canton of that name. He accepted the situation, and was ordained by the Bishop of Constance. He now resolved to begin his theological studies anew according to a plan of his own, and very different from that which was then followed in the universities of Christendom. His researches were preceded by the assiduous study of the New Testament. In order to render himself more familiar with the epistles of St. Paul, he copied the Greek text, and added a number of notes in the margin extracted from the fathers of the church. This MS. is still extant in the public library of Zurich.

Zuingle wished to establish his faith on a solid and immoveable basis. He did not refuse to conform to the decisions of the church, but he wished to know the motives of those decisions, and the grounds on which they reposed. In the course of his theological enquiries, Zuingle found that some of the dogmas of the great doctors of the church were entirely opposite to the spirit of the gospel, that others were founded on erroneous interpretations of scripture, or on a *spirit of system*, which is often more fatal to truth than ignorance itself. Thus the creed which Zuingle had embraced, was gradually altered, and

the authority of the court of Rome sunk in his estimation.

Zuingle was not precipitate in disclosing his sentiments. He communicated them only to a few select friends. He maintained this reserve during the ten years that he resided at Glarus. In his sermons he cautiously abstained from obscure and ambiguous doctrines. He expatiated only on those which are clear and incontrovertible, and on the moral precepts which are of universal interest and obligation. He strenuously inculcated THE PROTESTANT PRINCIPLE, to which it would have been well for protestants if they had always adhered, that, *in matters of belief it is right to allow no authority to be valid but that of the Scriptures.* Protestants of all denominations have professed to follow the guidance of this rule; but have they, in general, obeyed it with much more consistency than the catholics themselves?

During his residence at Glarus, Zuingle was twice ordered to accompany the troops of the canton in quality of chaplain. On the 6th of June, 1513, he was present at the battle of Novarre, in which the French were defeated by the Swiss, who reckon this event among the most glorious in their military annals. The reformer afterwards beheld the obstinate combat at Marignan, which the Marshal de Trivulce, who had been present in eighteen battles, called the conflict of giants. The Swiss lost the flower of their troops, and one of the most numerous armies which they had ever sent into the field. Zuingle, like a true patriot and christian, lamented the expenditure of the blood and strength of his countrymen in these ruinous wars, in which they were rendered mere instruments to promote the ambition of some greater power. He saw that peace was the true interest and security of his country.

After his return from Italy, Zuingle was invited to the abbey of Einsiedlin by Theobald, baron of Geroldseck, who was at that time invested with the government of the abbey, under the title of administrator. Theobald, who had conceived a fondness for literature and for learned men, invited Zuingle to become preacher to the pious fraternity over which he presided. The abbey of Einsiedlin was renowned in the times of Romish superstition, and it had been endowed with various spiritual and temporal privileges by the liberality of emperors and popes. An image of the Virgin was stationed here, which the



monks affirmed never to have been invoked in vain. Hence shoals of pilgrims were attracted to the spot.

In the abbey of Einsiedlin, Zuingle found several persons who co-operated with him in the good work of religious reformation; and he succeeded in persuading the administrator to make some reforms in the pious rites of that place, and among other things to put an end to the adoration which was paid to the relics of saints and martyrs. He at the same time induced him to efface the inscription over the gate-way of the monastery, which said, 'here sins of all kinds may obtain plenary absolution.'

Zuingle now gradually laid aside his reserve, and began openly to inculcate opinions very adverse to the superstition of the times, and to the interests of the court of Rome. Instead of those exterior observances to which his colleagues attached a great value, he urged the necessity of a radical change in the lives and hearts of sinners, 'if they wished to participate in the benefits of the redemption.'

On the feast of the consecration, which always attracted a great concourse of people to Einsiedlin, Zuingle embraced the opportunity of striking a decisive blow against the Gog and Magog of popish superstition. The preacher, after rousing the attention of his auditors by a fervid and impassioned exordium, made a transition to the motives which caused them to meet on the present occasion, and deplored their blindness in the choice of means to which they resorted in order to render themselves acceptable to the Deity.

'Do not imagine,' said Zuingle, 'that God resides in this temple more than in any other place. In whatever part of the globe you dwell, he is always near you; he is every where around you: he hears you if your prayers are fit to be heard. But his favour is not to be obtained by barren vows, by long pilgrimages, or by offerings made at the shrine of some lifeless dust. To resist temptations, to repress guilty desires, to shun all injustice, to succour the indigent, and to solace the unhappy; these are the works which are acceptable to the Lord. Alas! I am convinced that it is we, the ministers of the altar, and who ought to be the salt of the earth, who have led the ignorant and credulous multitude astray in the labyrinth of error. It is in order to glut our cupidity and selfishness that we have exalted a multitude of idle rites to the rank of good works. We have taught christians to suppose that, while they are living in the direct violation of the divine law, they may

expiate their crimes, though they make no effort to renounce them. "*Let us live,*" say they; "*as our desires prompt.* Let us enrich ourselves with the property of others, let us not be afraid of staining our hands with blood and murder, since we shall find an easy expiation in the merits of the church. Oh! foolish men! Can they think to obtain the remission of their lies, their impurities, their adulteries, their homicides, their treasons, by the help of some prayers addressed to the queen of heaven, as if she were the common protectress of malefactors! Ah! cease, O infatuated people, to cherish the delusion!" &c. &c.

The utterance of such sentiments, which, at that time was as new as it was unexpected, produced an effect which it is difficult to describe. While Zuingli was speaking, the emotions of surprise, of admiration, and of rage, were marked on the visage of his auditors. The expression of their sensations was at first repressed by the sanctity of the place; but as soon as they had an opportunity of giving them vent, some of them impelled by their prejudices or their interests, declared against the new doctrine, but the majority, as if a new light had been flashed upon their eyes, applauded with transport every thing which they had heard.

In 1518 Zuingli was elected by the chapter to a preachship in the cathedral of Zurich. He quitted his brethren at the abbey of Einsiedlin with regret; but he regarded his new office as likely to enlarge the sphere of his utility, and to promote the object of his warmest hope, a reformation in the church. Zurich now became the focus from which the beams of evangelical light were diffused over Switzerland.

When Zuingli was called before the chapter in order to be installed in his new office, he informed them that, instead of confining his discourses to the order of the dominical letters, he would explain in succession all the books of the New Testament, in order to make his hearers more fully acquainted with their inestimable contents. On the 1st of January, 1519, when he entered into his 35th year, he preached his first sermon according to the plan which he had proposed, and in which he afterwards persevered.

The novelty of this kind of preaching, says M. Hess, procured him a multitude of auditors; mere curiosity attracted some, the desire of instruction animated others. Zuingli did not suffer the impression which he had made to be effaced; he

perpetually inveighed against superstition and hypocrisy; he insisted on the necessity of reformation; he thundered against idleness, intemperance, and luxury. He exhorted the magistrates to distribute justice with impartiality, to protect the widow and the orphan, while he conjured them to preserve the liberties of their country inviolate, by shutting their ears to the seducing wiles of ambition. Notwithstanding the severity of his morals, and the depravity of his auditory, he nevertheless found some disciples who conformed to his instructions. Truth, in the mouth of an orator, at once ardent and sincere, makes its way even through the impediment of the passions. The magistrates, the clergy, and men of all classes, struck with the force of his reproofs, were attracted to hear his sermons, and gave thanks to God for sending them a preacher of truth.

Leo X. wishing to complete the edifice of St. Peter, by which he hoped to immortalize his name, sent Bernardin Samson, a franciscan, into Switzerland in 1518, in order to raise as large a sum as he could by the sale of indulgences. His success at first exceeded his expectations. The credulity of the people seemed almost to equal the rapacity of the pope. The paper drafts on the merits of the saints and martyrs passed for good currency, till they felt the effects of depreciation like the French assignats, or the English bank-notes.

The Bishop of Constance finding a popish envoy vending indulgences in his diocese, without having first obtained his sanction, ordered his clergy not to admit him into their churches. Zuingli was desired to defend the rights of his spiritual superior. Zuingli hardly needed this exhortation. He expatiated on the absurdity of indulgences. What he said made a deep impression on the people. They began to see how much their credulity had been abused; and the wily franciscan, finding the popular delusion diminished, and the current of opinion turning against him, made the best of his way to Italy, with the treasure which he had amassed.

'Many writers,' says M. Hess, 'have regarded the question of indulgences as the principal cause of the reformation; because it occasioned Zuingli and Luther openly to oppose the authority of the pope. But before the arrival of Samson in Switzerland, Zuingli had felt the necessity of reforming the worship, the discipline, and the doctrine of the church; and when we consider the whole of his history, the resistance which he opposed to Samson, appears an isolated fact, which had no direct influence on posterior events.'

Zuingle, who was a friend to peace, opposed the alliance of his country with France and with other foreign powers. He did not wish the blood of the Swiss to be shed, in order to gratify the ambition of the neighbouring sovereigns; and it was owing to an animated exhortation which he addressed to the canton of Schweitz, that the general assembly made a law to abolish every alliance and subsidy for a period of twenty-five years. The canton of Zurich also, where his influence was predominant, preserved its neutrality in the war between France and the imperialists. Zuingle incurred a good deal of animosity on this account, and the other cantons who were shedding their blood in a contest in which they had no concern, were particularly incensed against him.

Zuingle, in the mean time, kept preparing the minds of those who heard his sermons, to embrace the reformation which he so ardently desired. In one of his works, he thus describes the method which he followed in his public instructions.

‘On my arrival,’ says he, at Zurich, ‘I began the Gospel according to St. Matthew. I added an explanation of the Acts of the Apostles, in order to show my auditors the manner in which the gospel was promulgated. I afterwards passed to the first epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, which contains, if I may so express it, a true Christian’s rule of conduct. Perceiving that some false teachers had promulgated several errors relative to the doctrine of faith, I interpreted the epistle to the Galatians; I followed this by an explanation of the two epistles of St. Peter, to prove to the detractors of St. Paul, that the same spirit animated both apostles. Lastly, I came to the epistle to the Hebrews which shows us the whole extent of the benefit which we derive from the mission of Jesus Christ. In my sermons,’ says he, ‘I employed no dark ambiguities, no subtle insinuations, no sophistical persuasions. I made use of the most simple language, in order to make every individual see his infirmities and the remedy.’

The new ideas which Zuingle suggested to his auditors insensibly weakened their respect for the Popish rites, which they had been wont so highly to venerate. In 1522, some individuals had the courage to break their Lent without having first obtained a dispensation. These *culprits* were put in prison by the magistrates, but defended by Zuingle, who wrote a treatise on the observance of Lent, which he considered as ridiculous and one of the fiscal expedients of the court of Rome. He said that the toils of the artizan and the peasant were sufficient mortifications,

The Bishop of Constance wrote to the Chapter of the Cathedral of Zurich, to complain of '*certain innovators, who, in their foolish pride, pretended to reform the church.*' Zuingli, who perceived that this denunciation was levelled against himself, composed a reply, in which he asserted that the decisions of the church cannot be obligatory, except as far as they are founded on the gospel, which is the only incontrovertible authority in all disputes.

This principle, says M. Hess, ought never to have been forgotten, but it does not appear to have been much more respected by the Protestants than the Papists.

'It was usual to place the New Testament on an altar in the midst of the assemblies of the Clergy, in order to signify that this sacred code ought to regulate the judgment of Christians, but this practice soon degenerated into an idle ceremony, and the judges consulted their personal interests, or their passions, rather than the gospel. When the Bishops of Rome began to rise above their colleagues, and to lay the foundations of their temporal power, they perceived that the gospel did not favour their pretensions, but that they might derive great advantage from the decisions of their predecessors. They accordingly collected these decisions into a body of doctrine, and assigned them a date far anterior to the true, in order to invest them with the reverence of antiquity.'

In the beginning of 1523, Zuingli solicited a public conference before the great council of Zurich, in which he might give an account of his doctrine in presence of the Deputies of the Bishop of Constance. The partizans of the ancient superstition made such a poor figure in this conference, that it tended greatly to multiply the friends of the reformation in the canton of Zurich. At the end of the conference, the council decreed,

'that Zuingli having been neither convicted of heresy, nor refuted in argument, should continue to preach the gospel, as he had hitherto done, that the ecclesiastical pastors of Zurich and of its territory, should confine themselves in the support of their doctrine to the authority of the Holy Scriptures, and that both parties should abstain from all personal abuse.'

Zuingli did not desire this conference, because he presumed that he could convert his auditors in the space of a few hours, but he longed for such an opportunity of unfolding his opinions before the clergy of Zurich.

'He took advantage of the small number of objections which were alleged against him to establish some important principles



and to point out the consequences. His simplicity, at once firm and mild, inspired his auditors with a great veneration for his character; his eloquence and his knowledge fixed the opinions of those who fluctuated in uncertainty, and the silence of his adversaries, which was considered as a confession of their imbecility, served him almost as much as his own arguments.

The mass was still preserved for a short time, but no priest was forced to read it, nor any layman to hear it. Thus it almost imperceptibly fell into disuse till the reformer obtained an order for its entire abolition in the beginning of the year 1525. On the Easter Sunday of that year, the Lord's Supper was celebrated according to the form recommended by Zuingli.

In 1527, many persons in the canton of Berne expressed a wish to abolish the mass, and to introduce the worship which was established at Zurich. This wish was supported by a majority of suffrages in the senate. But it was first resolved to convoke a meeting of the clergy of the canton, Zuingli was invited to attend this conclave of divines, which was dignified by the presence of Capito, and Martin Bucer, both men of learning and moderation. During the continuance of the assembly, the ministers of the reformed faith preached by turns in the cathedral of Berne. On one of the occasions, when Zuingli mounted the pulpit,

‘a priest was preparing to say mass on an adjoining altar. The desire of hearing such a notorious heretic induced him to suspend the celebration of the office, and to mingle in the crowd of auditors. In his sermon, Zuingli developed his sentiments on the Eucharist with so much eloquence, that he produced a total revolution in the opinions of the priest, who instantly, in the presence of the assembly, threw off all his sacerdotal ornaments on the altar on which he had been officiating, and embraced the reformed faith.’

‘Towards the end of the year 1519, one of the first works of Luther, his Paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, appeared in Switzerland. It bore such a close resemblance to the explanation of the same prayer, which had some months before, been given by Zuingli, that many persons ascribed it to him, and imagined that he wished to hide the name of the real author under that of Luther. It gave great satisfaction to Zuingli to find that the efforts of this great theologian were directed towards the same object as his own. He recommended his auditors to read the works of Luther, but he interdicted them to himself, because he thought that their opinions would have more weight, if they arrived at the same result without any intercommunication of ideas. For some years, the two reformers had no immediate intercourse, but they spoke of each other in the most respectful

terms. When Luther was excommunicated and placed under the ban of the empire, Zuingle expressed for him the highest admiration, and at a time when the situation of the Saxon reformer appeared entirely desperate, he offered him an asylum in Switzerland, and undertook to procure for him the protection of his government. The friendship of the two reformers was preserved without interruption till Zuingle made known his opinion on the Eucharist. He had for a long time thought the dogma of transubstantiation contrary to the whole doctrine of the gospel. He considered it also as the origin of many erroneous notions and superstitious usages, but the dogma itself was so deeply rooted in the minds of the people, and so powerfully upheld the authority of the clergy, that the most violent opposition might naturally be expected if it were attacked. These motives determined Zuingle to be silent on this important question, till his mind was fully made up on the subject, and he felt himself capable of answering every objection.

When Zuingle had brought his researches on the Eucharist to a conclusion, he explained his ideas on the subject in his sermons, and he published them in 1525, in a work entitled, a Commentary on the true and the false Religion. In this he expressed his decided conviction that in the celebration of the Eucharist, the exterior symbols of the body and blood of Christ experience no supernatural change. But Luther was no sooner made acquainted with this new doctrine than he laboured to crush it with the weight of his authority.

‘He had himself renounced the dogma of transubstantiation, but he substituted a subtle and ambiguous comment in its place, which seemed to preserve a medium between the system of the Romish church and that of Zuingle. The impetuous character of the Saxon reformer rendered him incapable of calm discussion, and where he had once adopted an opinion, it assumed such appearance of truth, that he accused those who refused to embrace it, of want of probity. Without even reading the works of Zuingle, and Oecolampadius, he declared their opinion pernicious and impious. Zuingle, in order to stop in its origin a dispute which might prove fatal to the reformation, wrote immediately to Luther, and explained his sentiments in the language of Christian moderation. His candour served only to provoke a vehement reply, which aggravated the animosity of both parties and widened the breach. The Saxons with most of the princes and of the towns in the North of Germany embraced the opinion of Luther; the Swiss and many of the Imperial towns followed that of Zuingle. Numerous writings appeared on both sides, and a flame of reciprocal animosity was kindled, the violence of which is not a little astonishing to those who live in our times,’

The Landgrave of Hesse, one of the most enlightened princes of his time, and a zealous protector of the reformed faith, endeavoured to reconcile the opinions of the Zuinglians and the Lutherans on the point in dispute. He imagined that this desirable object might be obtained by an interview between Luther and Zuingle. He therefore invited them to repair with some mutual friends to the town of Marbourg. Zuingle consented to this proposal without any hesitation, and departed in the month of September with Rodolph Collins, Bucer, Hedion, and Ecolampadius. Luther was accompanied by Melancthon, Justus Jonas, Agricola, and Brentius.

‘Luther and Zuingle had first some private discussion with Ecolampadius and Melancthon, and these four divines agreed with each other on all points except that of the Eucharist. This question they discussed in the presence of many Protestant princes and professors of the University of Marbourg, but without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. Luther would not listen to reason, and repeatedly affirmed that he would adhere to his opinion and not deviate from the literal sense of scripture. His adversaries did not resign the contest in despair; they entered on a detailed justification of their doctrine, and made a strong impression on their auditors.’

Before this theological conference was dissolved, the Landgrave of Hesse exacted from Luther and Zuingle a declaration that they would henceforth regard each other as brothers. Zuingle readily acceded to this treaty of amity, but all that Luther could be brought to promise, was, that he would moderate his expressions in future when he spoke of the Swiss.

The theologians, in the time of Zuingle, deemed the virtues of the pagans to be only brilliant vices, and not the object of recompence in a better world. A similar opinion is maintained in one of the thirty-nine articles; but it was very abhorrent to the religious notions of Zuingle, who could not reconcile it to the goodness of God.

‘When St. Paul,’ said Zuingle, ‘assures us that it is impossible to please God without faith (Heb. xi. 6.) he speaks of those unbelieving persons who have been made acquainted with the gospel, and yet have remained infidels. I cannot bring myself to believe that God involves in the same condemnation him, who wilfully shuts his eyes against the light, and him, who without willing it, lives in darkness. I cannot believe that the Lord will reject those whose only crime it is never to have heard of the gospel. Let us cease to set such presumptuous limits to the divine mercy. For my own part, I am persuaded that in that heavenly re-union

of persons admitted to behold the glory of the most High, we shall see not only the holy men of the old and the new covenant, but also a Socrates, an Aristides, a Camillus, a Cato: in one word, I am convinced that all men of worth, who have fulfilled the laws engraven on their consciences, whatever may be the age or the country in which they lived will enter into the mansions of eternal bliss.'

These were very generous and enlightened sentiments, considering the times in which they were delivered. Zuingli indeed in this respect ranks higher than any of his contemporary reformers.

'There was nothing grotesque nor exaggerated in the morality of Zuingli, it was that of a man who was full of enthusiasm for virtue, but who was acquainted with the world and its seductions. He never exacted a chimerical perfection, and notwithstanding the severity of his manners, he was always indulgent to the infirmities of mankind. The more we examine the writings of Zuingli, the more we reflect on the whole of his life and conduct, the more we are persuaded that the love of virtue, and the desire of being useful, were the only motives of his actions. "A generous soul, he would often say, feels that it does not belong to itself alone, but to the whole circle of humanity. We were born to minister to the good of our fellow creatures, and when we labour to promote the happiness of others at the risk of our repose and even of our lives, we make an approach to the likeness of the divinity.'

These sentiments were the ruling principle of his actions, and they shone very resplendently in the closing scene of his life. The animosity which had long subsisted between the Catholic and the Protestant cantons, at last broke out into open hostility. The Catholics had marched a force towards Zurich, and they were already posted at Cappel about three leagues from that city, which was on this occasion but ill prepared for attack or for defence. A small force was however sent against the enemy. Zuingli received orders to accompany one of the detachments. It was thought that his presence would electrify the troops. Zuingli had a presage of the unfortunate issue of this expedition.

'Our cause,' said he to his friends, who trembled for his safety, 'is good, but it is ill defended. It will prove fatal to me and to many other persons, who are anxious to restore religion to its primitive simplicity and our country to its ancient morals.'

He took a last farewell of his friends and set out to meet the blow which was to put an end to his days.

The road which leads from Zurich to Cappel, traverses Mount Albis. The rapid ascent

‘relaxed the march of the infantry, who were oppressed with heavy armour. The cannon, which was heard to roar at a distance, announced that the combat was begun. Zuingle, impatient to fly to the assistance of his fellow citizens, proposed to the officers to quicken the pace of their horses. Let us hasten our march, said he, if we delay, we shall arrive too late. With respect to myself, I am anxious to join my brothers in arms, and to succour them or to share their fate.’

The officers catching the enthusiastic ardour of Zuingle, rode forward, after ordering their soldiers to follow. The Catholics had eight thousand men. The Zurichers scarcely amounted to fifteen hundred. They fought with desperate valour, but all valour was fruitless against such a superiority of numbers. Zuingle received a fatal ball whilst animating his men. He was left senseless upon the field while his enemies pursued their victory. When he came a little to himself, he drew his languid hands across his breast and fixed on heaven his dying eyes. Some Catholic soldiers found him in this attitude. Without knowing who he was, they offered to bring him a confessor. Zuingle tried to answer, but he could not make his faltering voice be heard. He signified his dissent, however, by a movement of his head. The soldiers then exhorted him to recommend his soul to the protection of the Virgin. A second signification of his refusal threw them into a rage. Die then, cried one of them, as an obstinate heretic, at the same time piercing his bosom with his sword.

The body of the reformer was found the next day and exposed to the view of the Catholic army. Several of the spectators had known Zuingle, and without embracing his religious opinions, had acknowledged the purity of his intentions, nor could they now behold the ghastly hue of death on his visage without emotions of tenderness. Among these persons, was an old colleague of Zuingle, who had removed from Zurich on account of the reformation. After steadfastly gazing on the deceased, who was once his adversary, he said with an affecting emphasis—‘Whatever was thy creed, I know that thou lovedst thy country, and that thou wast always an honest man. May God preserve thy soul.’



ART. II.—*Tableau Littéraire de la France, &c.*

*A Picture of French Literature during the eighteenth Century, by Eusèbe Salverte. Paris, H. Nicholle, Rue de Seine.\* London, Dulau, 1809.*

“A PICTURE of French literature during the eighteenth century,” is a subject which appears to have been several times proposed for the prize by the National Institute. None of the essays which have been written on the occasion have been hitherto crowned with success; the present attempt, however, has been mentioned with partial praise in one of the sittings of the Institute; and the author, who probably thinks it deserving of more unqualified panegyric, has published it in the hope that the opinion of the public will be more favourable than that of the Institute.

We cannot say that we think the Institute did wrong in not according the prize to M. Eusèbe Salverte. His work is spiritless and prolix, it abounds with tedious passages, and the style is defective in energy and precision.

It would neither instruct nor amuse to recite a dry catalogue of the different French authors who flourished in the eighteenth century, many of whom are hardly known even by name to the English reader. Instead of this unprofitable task, we shall make a few selections from what the author has said on some of the most celebrated French writers, with his criticisms on their different productions.

The author thus expatiates on the merits of Voltaire as a dramatic writer.

‘The dialogue of Voltaire, always fresh, vigorous, and animated, seems sometimes deficient in connection, because in his haste to obtain his object, he bounds over the intermediate ideas. His numerous critics have been eager to mark and to exaggerate this fault, which is not always imaginary. When these same persons find Voltaire, who had been nurtured from a child in the habit of reflection, sprinkle his verses with brilliant maxims, they exclaim that it is the poet who speaks, and not his characters. Do those, who repeat this objection, refuse to tragedy, those attributes which were so scrupulously guarded by the ancients? Do we forget that the characters of the tragic muse, elevated above the common level of mankind, seem invested with the right of instructing us both by precept and example? Do we condemn the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides for so frequently sparkling with those philosophical sentiments which Greece repeated with admiration, and which constituted a treasure of popular wisdom?

‘ Another imputation against Voltaire is that of aiming at the effect, without the regarding the means. Do we understand by this the substitution of theatrical pomp for the reality of dramatic interest? According to the example of the ancients, Voltaire wished to increase the illusion of the piece by that of the representation; but has he been indebted to this last illusion for his success in any of his best tragedies?’

The author makes some vapid and common place remarks on several of Voltaire’s dramas. M. Eusébe Salverte seems to consider it as a great indignity that the author of so many good tragedies should not have obtained a seat in the French Academy till eleven lustres had rolled over his head. This neglect was more disgraceful to the academy than to Voltaire.

‘ Fifteen years before,’ says he, ‘ the author of Oedipus, of Brutus, and of Zaire, of the history of Charles the Twelfth, and of the Henriade, was rejected! On that occasion an academician, whose name is scarcely remembered, declared that Voltaire did not merit a place in the academy.’

The author pays a just tribute of applause to Saint-Pierre’s “*Studies of Nature*.” He particularly commends that part which contains the beautiful tale of *Paul and Virginia*. The French language no where exhibits more sweet, more delicate, or more captivating combinations. There is a magic in the style which seems less the effect of talent than of inspiration.

The author says that the *Nouvelle Héloïse* owes its origin to the *Clarissa* of Richardson. He asks has it equalled or surpassed it? He has not entirely settled this question himself; and we shall not attempt to do it for him.

“ The moral end,” says M. Salverte, “ of the *chef-d’œuvre* of Richardson is to teach both parents and children the dangers into which they may be precipitated by a fault, a mistake, a prejudice, when we are on the point of contracting that union on which our virtue is not less at stake than our happiness. In order to make the most powerful impression on the mind, he collects every trait which is suited to depict the agency of the most violent passions, with the intrigues, the contradictions, and the crimes which they occasion. Rousseau prosecutes the same object with less invention, but more probability. There is not much complexity in the story; it depicts a very common error, and represents the mortifications which are produced by an attachment, which is innocent in its principle, but not sanctioned by our social institutions. Not content with exhibiting the danger, it encourages us to get out of its reach, by shewing us that

it is never too late to sacrifice to duty all that there is guilty in such a connection. This Julia, who yielded to one error, and who still preserved in her soul the sentiment in which it originated, becomes an admirable wife. *Jean-Jaques* has not, like Richardson, brought on the stage a multiplicity of persons, greater perhaps than could well be collected by any event in private life, and all of whom can speak, write, act, and support their characters with exquisite fidelity. He is less sententious and has less apparent depth, though he often displays in his details a great knowledge of the human heart. But the powerful engine with which he works on the mind is his enchanting style. He paints the soft and mysterious passions, which is a more difficult task than the portraiture of the more violent emotions; and he mingles some deeply affecting scenes of nature and of love. He exhibits the most interesting traits of infirmity as well as vice. Where Richardson is full of indignation, terror, and despair, Rousseau allures us by tenderness, and insinuates a secret charm even in the pangs of inconsolable regret.

In his *Persian Letters*, Montesquieu afforded a happy presage of his future eminence. They contain some passages which he never surpassed. M. Salverte commends the flexibility of the style, the delicacy of the railery, the subtlety of the criticism, and the elegance of the wit. But he adds that the author of the *Spirit of Laws* sometimes appears with too little disguise; the most profound metaphysical discussions, and the most refined political observations are occasionally introduced.

The secret of introducing philosophical ideas into a romance, without impertinence and incongruity, or breaking the spell of the narrative, was reserved for Voltaire. The profound question of optimism was never treated by any serious author with so much force and perspicuity as Voltaire has done, with playful facility in his *Candide* and *Zadig*. His other romances, though inferior to these, bear the impress of this inimitable talent. What particularly deserves notice is the natural ease with which they flow from his pen; there is no appearance of art. Any person who should give an account of the most recent adventures of his life could not express himself with less difficulty or effort. The same species of commendation is due to Swift, who in his ingenious narrative always preserves the air of simplicity and truth; but Voltaire, whose gaiety is more varied, whose pleasantness is more decent, whose language is more refined, whose pictures are more richly coloured, appears to me in every respect superior to the English author.

The *Contes Moraux* of Marmontel contain, with very few exceptions, pure and instructive views of moral duty,

and a penetrating insight into the circumstances of human life, while they interest or amuse, excite tenderness or laughter without revolting incongruities, licentious impurities, or insipid declamation.

The author remarks with truth, and the remark may be applied to English as well as French literature, that in proportion as we advance in the history of the eighteenth century, the talent of writing well is no longer considered as a singular attainment. It became indispensable to every author who wished to be read. For this we are indebted to the united influence of judicious culture, and of excellent models.

The *Ancient History* of the virtuous Rollin is pervaded by a charm which is not destroyed by the reflections in which he is too apt to indulge, nor by the extreme credulity which he occasionally displays. The love of virtue breathes in every page of his writings, and inclines us to forget his literary defects. After mentioning several French historians, the author has the candour to admit that the palm of history would be justly due to Hume and Robertson, if (will this if be generally allowed?) Voltaire had not happily exempted his countrymen from the humiliation of such an inferiority.

Voltaire, according to M. Salverte, regards history principally and almost exclusively as the moral teacher of mankind. This caused him to confine his delineations more especially to those traits which are conducive to moral edification. In his

\* Essay on the manners of nations, the history has no dry nor frivolous details, no facts which are isolated and barren of instruction. It is a succession of pictures where there is no interruption in the instruction nor the interest. Instead of going in quest of ambitious ornaments, Voltaire seems almost afraid of making any display of eloquence.\*

\* Voltaire has been blamed for want of accuracy; unfortunately for our national character this accusation has always been urged by his countrymen, and always extenuated by the suffrage of learned foreigners. He is not however entirely undeserving of reproach. The system which he developed in his \* *Pyrrhonisme de l'Histoire*, and to which he constantly adhered, led him often to deny those facts, which appear ridiculous and absurd. But could he forget that the lives of individuals, and the histories of nations, are almost always composed of follies and absurdities?

Science, properly so called, which was less generally diffused than erudition at the end of the seventeenth cen-

tury, seemed like a temple, the doors of which were closed to all but a few adepts.

'Her votaries would have thought her degraded by any attempt to render her familiar by the graces of style. Hence the slowness of her progress, and the little consideration which she obtained. In the commencement of the following century the scene changes. The inaccessible gates of the temple are broken down; the light is poured into the sanctuary; the divinity within may be seen by every eye, and worshipped by every mind.'

In his history of the academy of sciences, Fontenelle invested the idioms of the different sciences in a pure, elegant, and florid diction, so as to bring the principles and results within the grasp of ordinary intellect. But while Fontenelle had beauties which attracted numerous imitators, he had faults which rendered him a dangerous model.

Buffon well deserves the name of the French Pliny. No author ever described the varied productions of nature with more facility, distinctness, and elegance. His subjects seem almost to communicate to his pen the inspiration by which they were produced.

The era of the revolution opened to the French a new school for political eloquence. No circumstances could well be more favourable for its production. The strongest passions were excited by the highest interests. The road of honour and emolument was thrown open to the mass of the people. The constituent assembly, the legislative body, the convention, the council of five hundred, not to mention the communes, the municipalities, the jacobin, and other clubs, formed so many stages for the prize fighters of the different factions to display their powers, and to obtain an ascendant over their auditors by eloquent appeals to their interests, their prejudices, or their passions. Nor can it be denied that the tempestuous agitation of the times, operating as a powerful excitement to the energies of the orator, did help to generate numerous speakers, some of whom may vie with the greatest names in ancient or modern history.

Circumstances have sometimes been said to make men. At least they tend to give a peculiar cast to the sentiments and the character, and to make that particular impression on the mind and heart, which adapts the individual to the exigencies of the times, or of the situation in which he is



placed. Men are said to be born poets, but are not orators rather created by events? In the first national assembly many were surprised to find how soon persons who had never spoken in public, or on very different subjects, delivered their sentiments with facility, on questions of great public concern in that arena of political strife. The author selects the names of Mirabeau and Cazales as the most conspicuous orators in the national assembly, though there was a great diversity both in their talents and opinions. The character of Mirabeau is well known. Hardly any man ever so strikingly displayed the force of oratory. Cazales, instead of yielding to the tide of innovation, defended those principles which are consecrated by the respect of ages. He was, says Salverte,

'A soldier, who had long been addicted to pleasure and to idleness; but the revolution awakened his dormant energies, and he became a real orator. Cazales had rarely the bold flights of Mirabeau, but he was more equal and consistent. He never says too much nor too little; and without any perversion of logic or of eloquence, he at once convinces the mind and affects the heart.'

'If we compare,' says the author, 'the political eloquence of the French, with that which flourishes in *that rival isle*, where it is by turns the support and the terror of the government and of liberty, where can we find any orator among the English who can be paralleled with Mirabeau? When the political discords of the English caused them to shed torrents of blood, their language had not obtained sufficient polish and consistency, for the display of real eloquence. Besides the different factions spoke only in the idiom of religious fanaticism, which seeks rather to subjugate the will than to interest the sensations, and which commands in the name of heaven, but never persuades in that of humanity. With an English audience, the captious arms of political logic will always be more efficacious than the emotions of impassioned oratory.'

We hardly know what the author means by 'the captious arms of political logic.' Does he mean that political logic which in every question discriminates with so much subtlety and precision the *minus* and the *majus*, the *minimum* and the *maximum* of personal emolument? Some persons have thought our statesmen to excel in this species of dialectic. But surely the French statesmen, even in the period of the revolution, when the times themselves almost created individual prodigies of patriotism and disinterestedness, were not generally found to be inferior to

our own in the calculations of selfishness, or in those habits of hypocrisy and intrigue, which so often elevate the ladder of personal aggrandizement.

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ART. III.—*Lettres de Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, &c.*

*Letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, written between the Years 1775 and 1779, inclusive: with two Chapters in the manner of Sterne's Sentimental Journey, by the same Author.* Paris, 1809.

THE memoirs of Marmontel have drawn the writer of these letters in a manner so interesting, as to render us very desirous of becoming acquainted with her.

‘Whilst speaking of the graces,’ says Marmontel, ‘let me mention a person, who in her talents and language displayed their richest gifts, and who was the only female admitted by Madame Geoffrin to the dinner parties of her men of letters: I mean the friend of M. de Alembert, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, an astonishing compound of decorum, reason, wisdom, with talents the most lively, a soul the most ardent, and an imagination the most inflammable, which has existed since the days of Sappho. The fire which circulated in her veins, and which imparted to her mind its charm, its brilliancy, and its activity, consumed her before her time. I here remark the place she occupied at our dinners, to which her presence gave an inexpressible interest. Continually the object of attention, whether she listened, or whether she spoke, (and no one spoke better); without coquetry, she inspired an innocent wish to please her; without prudery, she made us feel how far the freedom of conversation might be carried, without alarming modesty, or passing the limits of decorum.’

We wish that we had received some more particulars of a female who was worthy of the friendship of D'Alembert. But we do not find any notice concerning her life, her connexions, her manners, or whatever else we are desirous of knowing concerning a person who inspires a degree of affection and regard. We are not even informed of the name of her correspondent; for all these letters were addressed to one person. But he was obviously a young man in the highest walk of civilized life; she made him return her letters, and recently, we suppose, they have fallen into the hands of the booksellers. They have now been written thirty years. The epoch which they embrace,

their characteristic style, the distinguished honours, and eminent authors, whom the writer incidentally mentions, will secure them a place beside the productions of Madame de Sevigné, and Maintenon. In some points she may be said to surpass her predecessors. Her letters are more full, her thoughts are more strong, and original, and animated. They possess the emotion and warmth of conversation. The writer seems present to us; we seem to penetrate her heart, and to participate of her emotions.

We shall give our readers a specimen of one of the letters, and afterwards endeavour to cull a few sweets for their amusement and gratification.

*Sunday, 23d May, 1773.*

'If I were young, pretty, and very lovely, I should certainly think that your behaviour to me betrayed much artifice; but as I am nothing of all this; as I am quite the contrary, I must acknowledge a goodness and politeness by which you have acquired everlasting claims on my heart; you have filled it with gratitude, esteem, sensibility, and all the sentiments, which produce intimacy and confidence. I cannot speak so well upon friendship as Montaigne; but believe me we shall feel it much better. If what he has said proceeded from the heart, do you believe that he could have consented to live after the loss of such a friend? But that is not my present point; it is of yourself I must speak; it is of the grace, it is of the delicacy, it is of the happiness of your citation. You come to my aid; you wish me to be satisfied with myself; you wish that the remembrance of you be not a reproach painful to my heart, and offensive perhaps to my self-love; in a word, you wish that I should enjoy in peace the friendship you offer me, and the sincerity of which you evince with equal kindness and frankness; yes, I accept it; I shall make it my happiness; it will prove my consolation; and if ever I enjoy your society, it will be a pleasure which I shall desire and prize the most of any thing.

'I trust that you have forgiven the fault, which I did not commit. You must be sure that I can never suspect you of any thing against goodness and politeness. But I accused you notwithstanding; that proved nothing else than that I was weak and culpable, and above all that I was so much disturbed as to possess no longer presence of mind nor liberty of thought; your penetration is too quick to allow me to fear that you can have been mistaken; I am confident that your heart has had no reason to complain of the sentiments of mine.

'I know that you only set out on Thursday at half past five. I was at your door two minutes after your departure. I had sent in the morning to inquire at what time on Wednesday you had-gone; and, to my great astonishment, I learnt that you

were still in Paris, and that they did not know whether you went even on Thursday. I went myself to inquire if you were not sick; and, what will shock you is that I felt as if I wished it. However, with an inconsistency which I will not explain to you, I perceived myself consoled in learning that you were gone. Yes, your absence has restored my tranquillity; but still I am the more melancholy. You must pardon me and be contented. I cannot say whether I regret you; but I feel the loss of you, as of my pleasures, to which I think that active minds endued with sensibility, cling too closely. It is not the idea of the length of your absence which afflicts me; for my imagination does not see its term; it is simply the present moment which weighs on my soul, which subdues and saddens me, and which hardly leaves me energy enough to wish for a better frame of mind. But what horrid egotism! here are three pages full of myself, and all the time I have thought myself concerned about you; I feel at least that to know how you are is necessary to me. When you shall read this, good heavens at what a distance you will be! your person will be only three hundred leagues off; but what a journey will your thoughts have made! What new objects! What ideas! how many new reflections! I seem to be speaking only to your shade; all that I have known of you has disappeared; hardly will you find in your memory the traces of the affections with which you were warmed and animated during the last days that you spent at Paris. So much the better. We had agreed, you know, that sensibility is the portion of mediocrity; and your character commands you to be great: your talents condemn you to celebrity. Abandon yourself then to your destiny; and say to yourself that you are not formed for that sweet and retired life which tenderness and sentiment require. To live for a single object is delightful, but cannot be glorious. The empire of the heart excludes the empire of opinion. There are names made for history; you will one day command the admiration of the world; when I reflect on this, it moderates a little the interest you have inspired.

The first letters which compose this correspondence, were written under circumstances of peculiar embarrassment, which we did not discover till we had gone deep into the first of these volumes. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was united in ties of the strictest intimacy with a young Spanish nobleman, the Marquis de Mora, the son of the Count de Fuentes, Spanish ambassador at the court of Versailles. Their passion was mutual; and it seems had been approved of by the count; and we presume would have ended in marriage. But her lover began to decline in health, to spit blood, and finally he died, as we

suppose, of a consumption. It was during his illness, and labouring under the agitation which the dread of losing the object of her affection, occasioned that she met with the gentleman to whom these letters were addressed. He made great impression on a mind naturally ardent and susceptible; and, even during the last moments of her lover, he seems to have filled her heart with passion.

There was certainly in this conduct something which bears the appearance of levity and inconsistency. What woman of virtue and animated with a sincere affection, it will be said, can admit a fresh object of attachment, whilst the first still exists, and exists in such a state as to excite at once pity, affection, and commiseration? And yet we believe that the conduct of Mad. de Lespinasse had nothing in it inconsistent with the love she professed for M. de Mora, or with virtue and propriety. Every page of these letters bears testimony to the ardour of her attachment to him, the pangs she felt at his loss, her love for his person, and her enthusiastic admiration of his character. In truth there are minds so constituted that they cannot exist without an attachment; love is their habit, and is more necessary to them than food or raiment; take it away and you annihilate them, or at least you destroy the charm which makes them value life. Observe the conduct of widowers and widows; those in particular who have been happy in marriage: they are ever uneasy, ever restless, ever agitated, till they resume their chains. Nor is it found by experience, that their new ties dissolve the old; on the contrary, the first passion ever remains uppermost in the heart; and the remembrance of it forms the chief delight and solace of life. So it was with this amiable and empassioned female. In what terms of tenderness and affection does she ever speak of the lover she has lost! The following is but one passage among an hundred that evince both her warmth and her sincerity.

‘O how many charms, how many pleasures are there still in reserve for a heart which has experienced the force of passion! My friend, I feel that my life is attached to my folly. If I could become calm, if I could be restored to reason, I could not survive for four-and-twenty hours. Do you know the first want of my soul whenever it has been strongly agitated either by pleasure or pain? It is to write to M. de Mora. I re-animate him; I recall him to life, my heart repoles upon his, my soul pours itself into his. The dart of death is broken by the heat and rapidity of my blood: for I see him, he lives, he breathes for me; my imagination becomes exalted to such a pitch, that



there is no need of illusion: it is the truth itself: yes, for a full hour M. de Mora has been with me, as clearly and as sensibly as if it had been yourself. O divine creature! he has pardoned me, and loved me. My friend, what I have just experienced is a consequence of the shock which my mind received this afternoon. My God, how worthy of love and adoration is the talent which seems to give you a new existence. Oh, no; I have neither the greatness nor the strength of mind to praise this gift of heaven; but I have still a sufficient degree of passion and sensibility to enjoy it with transport, and to refer the emotion it produces to the object which has animated my life, and which still sustains it. Oh! what happiness it is to love! it is the only principle of all that is beautiful, of all that is good and great in nature.

It appears that this lady was in a state of body highly morbid; a condition of the frame with which the mind ever sympathizes. A physician of much penetration, who lived in the beginning of the past century, Dr. Cheyne, has remarked, that excessive love, grief, or the other passions, carried beyond their just and reasonable bounds, are a sign that the humours (as was the theoretical language of his day) are already in a high degree of corruption; or (as we should rather speak) that the sensorium is highly disturbed, and the sensibility morbidly acute. We cannot doubt, that Mad. de Lespinasse painted from her feelings, and that her imagination was in that degree of exaltation, in which it is difficult to distinguish the visions of a heated brain from the realities of nature. In the following letter we have another picture of the vivacity of her fancy.

*' At Midnight, 1775.*

'The clock strikes twelve. A recollection occurs which chills my blood with horror. It was on the 10th of last February that I became intoxicated with a poison, the effects of which still continue. At this very instant it quickens my circulation; my heart beats with increased violence; and I feel the most cutting regret. Alas! by what fatality has the sentiment of pleasure, the most lively and pure, been joined to the severest misfortune! What a frightful mixture! Might I not say in recalling to my mind that moment of horror and of pleasure; I saw approach me a young man, whose eyes were filled with the most interesting sensibility; on his countenance were painted sweetness and tenderness; his heart seemed agitated by passion. At this sight I felt a mixed emotion of terror and pleasure; I dared to raise my eyes, and to fix them upon him; I approached him; my senses became petrified; for I saw before him, and as it

were shielding him from me, Grief in a mourning habit; she stretched forth her hand; she wished to repel me, but I found myself drawn on by an unhappy attraction. Who art thou, I exclaimed in my emotion, thou that inspirest me at once with such joy and terror, with so much sweetness and so much alarm? What are the tidings that thou bringest to me? Unfortunate, she answered with a melancholy air, and a tone of sorrow, I shall be, I shall cause thy lot; he, who animated thy life, hath just received the stroke of death. Yes, my friend, I heard these fatal words; they are engraved on my heart; it still shudders at them. For God's sake, let me see you to-morrow; I am full of sorrow and trouble. Oh, my God, at this hour a year ago M. de M—— was struck with death; and I at the same instant, at the distance of two hundred leagues, was more cruel and more culpable than the ignorant barbarians who killed him. I shall die of regret: my heart is full, my eyes overflow with tears. Adieu, my friend. I ought never to have loved you.'

In the following passages she paints the conflict which she suffered from contending passions, and her earnest wish to have her heart fully occupied.

'My friend, I know not by what fatality I am ever dwelling on the calamity of having lost M. de M——. I wish to occupy myself with you, and feel myself drawn by the desire, by the necessity, of following him; or rather by that of delivering myself from a regret, which embitters my life. My God, why have you commanded me to live? Why do you retain me still between life and death? Ah! either suffer me to die, or let my heart be entirely filled by you, that I may no longer feel the frightful void left by M. de M——. But, my friend, I blame myself for exposing to you all my sufferings. Can you pity me? Yes, you will, because you are good and amiable; you will, because you know that I love you, and that I am retained to life only by this sentiment.'

But Mad. de Lespinasse was not happy in the second object of her affection. Whatever may have been her reasons for entertaining a contrary opinion, it is certain that he never returned the ardour of her passion, nor seriously intended to unite himself to her. He may not have been to blame. He seems to have been the younger by several years; and though he must have admired her talents, and may have esteemed her character, and been equally interested and flattered by her partiality, he felt for her probably every thing but what she wished him to feel—*love*. Some of her letters show how much her pride was mortified by his coldness; how she struggled, and struggled in

vain, to conquer her predilection, and renounce his correspondence. But she never accuses him of a breach of honour, and when he finally married another, she still clung to her passion for him, as the best of her earthly possessions; and that without wishing to infringe the rights of another, or deviating from the paths of honour or discretion. When she died we are not informed; but it seems highly probable that the last letter in the collection was written very shortly before her dissolution. It concludes as follows—

‘At present I have no wish but to die. The loss which I have sustained admits of no remedy, of no consolation: I must survive it no longer. This, my friend, is the only sentiment of bitterness which I feel against you. I would know your future lot, and I wish that you may be happy. I received your letter yesterday, at one: I had a burning fever. I cannot express to you the pain and trouble it cost me to read it: I would not put it off till to-day, and the exertion almost made me delirious. I expect to hear from you to-night. Adieu, my friend. If I return to life, I should wish to employ it in loving you; but there is no longer time.’

But let not our reader suppose, that he is reading no more than the heated effusions of a love-sick and a brain-sick girl. No. Mad. de Lespinasse was one of the most polished women of the French capital, at a time that it contained the most polished society of Europe. She was devoted to love; but she could love only what she thought great and excellent. In apologizing for her fastidiousness, with the consciousness of her own dignity, she exclaims—

‘How difficult am I become! but is it my own fault? Consider the education I have received. Madame du Deffant (for she ought to be cited for talents), the President Henault, the Abbé Bon, the Archbishop of Toulouse, M. Turgot, M. d’Alembert, the Abbé de Boismont, M. de Mora, these are the persons who have taught me to speak, to think, and who have thought me worthy to be reckoned for something. How one sickens after this to be beloved by——!’

Besides these we find the names of Marmontel, Diderot, Condorcet, Malsherbes, and others, some of whom have since become celebrated in the annals of misfortune. Considering the circle in which the writer of these letters lived, we expected many traits of character, or anecdotes of persons whose names awaken our curiosity, and whose

misfortunes excite our sympathy. But we must acknowledge that these expectations have been considerably disappointed. Here and there, however, we meet with some pictures which have interested and entertained us. Of Diderot she writes thus—

‘ I was in such trouble when I wrote last, that I did not tell you that Diderot is in Holland. He is so well received, and has already so many friends whom he has never seen, that it is very possible he may never return to Paris, and may forget that he is upon his way to Russia. That is an extraordinary man: he has not his proper place in society: he ought to be the chief of a sect; a Greek philosopher, instructing and lecturing young people. I like him much; but nothing that he does reaches my heart; his sensibility is all superficial: it is no more than a simple emotion.’

It is well known that the appointment of Turgot to the head of the finances was for the express purpose of effecting economical reform. We cannot doubt that the intentions of Louis XVI. were just and honourable. The following was what passed at the interview between the king and his new minister. After what has since happened, what melancholy reflections are excited by the recital!

‘ You know that M. Turgot is controulor-general; but you do not know the conversation he held with the king on the subject of his appointment. He had felt some difficulty in accepting the office, when M. de Maurepas proposed it to him by the king’s command. When he went to return thanks, the king said to him—*You had no wish then to be controulor-general?* Sire, answered M. Turgot, *I acknowledge to your majesty that I should have preferred the ministry of marine; since the place is more secure; and I was more sure of doing good; but at present, it is not to the king that I resign myself, it is to the honest man.* The king took him by both hands, and said—*You shall not be deceived:* M. Turgot added, *Sire, I ought to represent to your majesty the necessity of economy, the first example of which ought to proceed from yourself. Without doubt M. l’Abbé Terrai has already said the same to your majesty.* Yes, said the king, *he has told me so, but he has not said it as you have.* All this may be depended upon as much as if you had heard it, since M. Turgot does not add a syllable to the truth.’

We all know, however, the consequences of these professions of economical reform. M. Turgot was too wise to trust to them. He laboured to introduce a solid and effectual reform, by a just organization of the administra-

tive powers, giving to those who are interested in economy an efficient controul over those who are interested in profusion and dilapidation. It is contrary to the first principles of human nature to suppose, that power will not extend itself wherever it can, and that it will voluntarily set limits to itself. Those who preach up economical reform as the only one attainable, may mean well; may even speak truly, if they mean the only one attainable without a great struggle, which they are unwilling to encounter; but we are very certain that their object is a phantom, which will ever elude their grasp.

We find in the character she gives to the late Lord Shelburne (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne) that her political bias was, like that of all other ardent minds, towards patriotism and the rights of the people. She says—

‘ Good God, how much you misunderstood what I said about Lord Shelburne; but how properly you afterwards answered me! Yes! to be the leading member of opposition is just what makes me love and esteem him. How can one help feeling lost at being born under such a government as ours. For myself, weak and unhappy creature that I am, I would rather be the meanest member of the House of Commons than the king of Prussia himself: nothing but the glory of Voltaire could console me for not having been born English. One word more of Lord Shelburne, and I will never speak of him more; *car la secret d’ennuyer est celui de tout dire*. Do you know how he seeks repose for his head and his heart, from the agitations of government? It is in acts of beneficence worthy of a crowned head; in forming public establishments for the education of all the peasantry on his estates; in entering into all the details of their instruction and well-being. This is the repose of a man who is only thirty-four, whose heart is as open to sensibility as his mind is great and generous. This is the Englishman who would have been a worthy friend of that prodigy, of that miracle of the Spanish nation, M. de Mora. This is the man whom I wish that you had seen; but it would have only been to regret him; for assuredly he is not born to live in this country. He will go on the 13th: he wished to see the re-entry of the parliament; till then, he gives himself up to the dissipation of Paris. In his whole life he never knew this sort of idleness; he takes a sort of delight in it: *It is a pleasure*, he told me, *because it will not last, for such a life for ever would be the most irksome thing in nature*. How different is that from the sentiment of a Frenchman, a gallant man of the court. Ah! the president Montesquieu is in the right: *the government makes the men*. A man of energy, elevation, and genius, is in this country like a lion confined in a menagerie. The consciousness that he has of his force puts



him to the torture: he is a Patagonian condemned to crawl upon his knees. There is but one career, my friend, open to glory, but it is a fine one; it is that of the Molières, of the Racines, the Voltaires, the D'Alemberts, &c. &c. &c.'

The character given by Lord Shelburne of the unfortunate M. de Malsherbes has pleased us much. Perhaps we offend his manes by calling him unfortunate. He died for the cause he espoused. Is that to be deemed a calamity?

'He (Lord Shelburne) has been to see M. de Malsherbes; he returned enchanted. He said to me, "I have seen, for the first time of my life, that which I thought could not exist. A man whose soul is absolutely free from fear and hope, and who is, notwithstanding, full of life and warmth. Nothing in nature can trouble his repose. Nothing is necessary to him, and he interests himself deeply about whatever is good. *In one word*, he added, *I have travelled much, and I have never received so profound an impression. If I perform any good action in all my future life. I am sure that the recollection of M. de Malsherbes will animate my heart.*"

We should wish to give our readers a specimen of Mad. de Lespinasse as a literary character, and had selected a passage, which showed her to possess much solidity of understanding and refinement of taste. But it would exceed the limits we must place to our article. We shall, therefore, conclude our extracts with a delineation of character, in which there appears to be much truth and justness, expressed with much sprightliness.

'But to change my tone, in one of my sleepless nights I happened to think of the Countess de B——. I asked myself how it happens, that with much talent, grace, and many charms, she had so little effect, and, above all, made so little impression; I think I know the reason. Do not think that I have not the wit to explain my meaning. Hear me; do you agree with me, that in every thing there is a truth of convention, there is a truth in painting, a truth in theatrical composition, a truth of sentiment, a truth of conversation, &c. Well then! Madame de B—— has not a truth of any kind; and that is the reason why she has passed her life, without touching or interesting even the persons whom she has most wished to please. Would you reverse the medal? You know a person who has all her life been destitute of the charms of person, and the graces which please and interest, and yet this person has had more success, and has been a thousand times more beloved than she had any reason to expect. Do you know the reason of this? It is, that

she has ever preserved the *truth* of every thing, to which she has united the being true in every thing. Despreaux has expressed in two lines, what I have been diluting in such a profusion of words:

‘ Rien n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable.  
Il doit regner partout, et même dans la fable.’

These letters have given us more insight into the workings of the human heart, than can be obtained from the writings of the most celebrated novelists. They pourtray the passions which alternately had dominion in the breast of a most sensitive subject, in such a manner as to rivet our attention and command our interest. We see her the victim of love, hope, disappointment, remorse, sometimes of indignation; but to the last breath sighing for the welfare and happiness of the object of her heart. We have been carried along with the writer, and have sympathized with her woes; hoping, nevertheless, that the acuteness of her sufferings has been a little exaggerated by the strength of colouring with which they are depicted. In truth, her real ills were principally physical; the consequences of a sinking frame. Under these circumstances she seems to have enjoyed more than is given to the lot of most to enjoy; a high reputation, the best society, friends who were anxious for her welfare, and whose attentions were unremitting to the last moment of her existence. These were surely consolations. What more can human life afford, even to the most fortunate?

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ART. IV.—*Vidas de Espanoles Celebres*, por Don Manuel Josef Quintana. Madrid, 1807. Londres, 1811. Deconchy.

THE author of this elegant and interesting work, holds a distinguished rank among the literati of Spain. While the baneful influence of the Prince of Peace withered the prosperity of the nation, he had the firmness to persist in a virtuous retirement from court; an example which was imitated by very few, even of those who considered themselves as the friends of their country. After the attempt to establish a new order of things, equally adverse to domestic and foreign despotism, had thrown the country into confusion, his house during the first horrors of the revolution became the point of union for the most illustrious

patriots of Madrid. He was the principal author of *El Semanario Patriotico*, a periodical publication favourable to liberty; so popular during the first tide of political enthusiasm, that it obtained nearly three thousand subscriptions in one day.

Signor Quintana had collected from the different provinces of Spain, authentic documents relative to their several revolutions; but on the appearance of the French before Madrid, after the battle of Tudela, he was obliged to fly alone, and on foot, and to abandon his house and property of every description, including these invaluable papers. Having effected his escape to Seville, the temporizing policy of the Central Junta induced them to confer a secretaryship on a man of such talents, and a statesman of a character so deservedly popular, in this as in almost every other measure of their administration, seeming to have no other plan than to raise hopes for the purpose of disappointing them. No great opinion was entertained of the Central Junta, but the well-disposed thought favourably of its intentions, and auguring good from the appointment given to Signor Quintana, concluded that it meant to avail itself of every means of acquiring information. Hence almost all those who had formed the *Tertulia Literaria* at Madrid reunited themselves at Seville in a kind of club, to which was given the name of *Junta Chica*, petty Junta, alluding to the influence of opinion which it was expected to have over the *Junta Grande*. His official duties prevented Signor Quintana from resuming the task of editing the *Semanario Patriotico*, and it was devolved first on Don Isidro de Antillon, a writer of much merit in astronomy, geography, and history, and then on Don J. M. Blanco White. The jealousy of the government soon found the means of silencing a publication, which its authors had resolved should never appear, except when its sentiments could be openly and unequivocally expressed on the side of national liberty. Under the auspices of the Cortes, the third epoch of this journal has lately commenced. A reprint of the former parts would be highly acceptable to those who are collecting documents for the history of the Spanish revolution, and at the same time would be very gratifying to all who take an interest in the details of that great event.

To return to our author. It is probable that the degraded state of his country was the principal motive which led him to undertake the task of kindling in the hearts of

the rising generation those embers of self-devotion, loyalty, and patriotism which seemed extinct in the race who, at that time, were crouching before the paramour of a profligate queen; for this purpose, he selected some of the most brilliant characters in the national history as an appropriate study for those first years of life in which the heart, being virtuous itself, believes the virtue of others, and passionately attached to the great, and the heroic feels the animating and noble stimulus of emulation.

'And what nation,' says Senor Quintana in his preface, 'does not possess its own heroes to admire and imitate? What nation has not undergone changes from good to evil, or from evil to good, which have formed the junctures when extraordinary men appear? Certainly the want of such a school of heroism cannot be attributed to that people, which in the northern mountains of Spain raised the standard of independence in opposition to the fanatic impetuosity of the Moors. There it not only maintained itself free from the oppression under which the rest of the peninsula groaned, but acquiring strength and boldness, descended to ravish from its enemies the large possessions which they had acquired. Without the aid and support of any prince or state, divided, in itself (through the imprudence of its kings in laying a foundation for civil wars in the sub-division of their territories), and while new deluges of barbarians poured in from Africa to reinforce the ancient invaders, it maintained the conflict for seven entire ages, and completed a terrible series of battles, dangers, and victories. At length the Mussulmen were expelled from Spain, and then, like a flame which, after being repressed, bursts forth with violent explosion and spreads the conflagration far and wide, the Spaniard was seen to obtain the mastery of the half of Europe, and to agitate the whole with his ambitious activity, to rush across vast and unknown seas, and to open a new world to mankind. To run a career like this, the nation must have had men of characters bold and energetic, of a constancy equal to every proof, of uncommon talents, and hearts capable of virtue and of vice, and of both in a degree extraordinary, romantic, and sublime. The heroes, who are exhibited in the present work are of a celebrity attested by the voice of history and tradition. The *Cid Campeador*, a name, which among us, is synonymous with the invincible force of heroism and fortune.

'*Guzman the Good* equal to any of the personages of antiquity in magnanimity and patriotism: *Roger de Lauria* the greatest seaman, desde Cartago hasta Colon.'

*The Prince of Viana*, so interesting for his character, his information, and talents. So worthy of compassion for his misfortunes, and for the union, which was exemplified

in his fate, of the majesty and hopes of royal birth with the sorrows of a private individual unjustly persecuted and barbarously sacrificed. *Gonzalo de Cordoba*, the most illustrious general of the fifteenth century, who, by his exploits and discipline, gave to our army the superiority which it maintained in Europe nearly two centuries, and who, in his character and manners, presents a mirror to those military men who do not confound ferocity with heroism. To the English reader, who has already viewed the deeds of the Cid Campeador or Lord Encamper through the magnifying glass of Mr. Southey's *Chronicle*, the life contained in the volume before us will be of great service in reducing the gigantic colossus of romance to the just proportions of a real life. To digest into a connected narrative a mingled heap of truth and fables, and to clothe it in a style which time and reverence have forbidden to all but scriptural translations, may display ingenuity, but can afford little evidence of correct taste or well-placed learning. The public are more obliged to Senor Quintana for endeavouring to dissipate the mist of fable than to Mr. Southey for his attempt to thicken and consolidate it, and none can read or endeavour to read the ponderous legend of the latter without wishing that so much labour and such talents, such treasures of real information, had not been squandered in so unprofitable a manner. The other lives in Senor Quintana's work rest more on the basis of authentic history; all abound with traits of generosity, courage, and honour, not easily paralleled in the records of any other people. Our limits, nevertheless, confine us to one extract, taken from the life of the Great Captain, *Gonzalo de Cordoba*, and calculated to give a just idea of his military talents and personal accomplishments, and at the same time of his virtue and benevolence. After long maintaining the position of Barleta in Italy against superior forces of the French, he was determined by scarcity of provisions and the danger of a pestilential disorder to evacuate his post, and accordingly, in the style of the days of chivalry, he announced his intention to the Duke of Nemours, the general opposed to him.

‘That night he halted at the spot where Cannæ stood, where Annibal routed the Romans, and on the next day, he marched to Cerinola, where the fortune of Naples was to be finally decided. The difficult march of that day did not promise a fortunate result. The ground they passed was dry and sandy, the heat of the weather great, and their fatigue excessive. Horses and men dropping from thirst and weariness, some were choked



to death. In vain were pools discovered, the water more proper for beasts than men, if it quenched their thirst, incapacitated them for proceeding. The skins of water, which had been provided by Gonzalo, were not sufficient to answer the wants and impatience of the army. Both one and the other supply served more to create confusion than afford relief. Gonzalo, in this extremity, raised those who had fallen, animated those who were disheartened, distributed water with his own hands, and commanding the cavalry to take up the foot soldiers on their cruppers, set the example, when he gave the order and mounted a German subaltern behind him. If the enemy, who had broken up to pursue them, had reached them in the plain, they would have won the day. Therefore the whole anxiety of Gonzalo was to gain the position where he intended to encamp, and await the attack of the French. Cerinola was situated on a height, and on the declivity was planted a large vineyard fenced by a small ditch. In this inclosure, Gonzalo pitched his tent, enlarging the ditch as much as the pressure of the time would permit, raising the inner bank in the manner of a ravelin, disposing at intervals iron hooks and spikes to render the enemy's horse unserviceable. At length the troops collected themselves on the ground, and having found water, hastened with such impatience to satisfy their thirst, that Gonzalo and his officers were scarcely able to recall them to their duty and reduce them to order. At this moment, the dust announced the approach of the enemy, and the scouts brought information of it to the general. Our army amounted to 5500 infantry and 1500-cavalry, archers, spearmen, &c. Gonzalo formed it in three divisions, which he placed on three different alleys formed by the vineyard. . . . The pause which the French made while they consulted what they had to do, gave opportunity for these dispositions and some breathing time to the troops, which enabled them to prepare their minds and bodies for the conflict. The excessive fatigue which they had suffered induced Gonzalo to doubt whether they would stand their ground, when Panedes seeing him totally absorbed in these thoughts, said—"Now, Senor, is the time for that firmness of heart which you were ever wont to display—our cause is just, the victory will be ours, and I promise it to you with the Spaniards here present, few as we are."

\* Gonzalo cheerfully accepted the favourable presage, and prepared himself to receive the enemy. It was about night-fall, and Nemours, more prudent than fortunate, wished to defer the attack till the following day, but his officers, and principally Alègre, thinking to snatch the victory by a coup de main, and destroy the fugitive army, were of opinion that the attack should be made instantaneously, and Alègre added, that it could not be

deferred without the stigma of cowardice. At this reflection, Nemours, extremely piqued, gave the signal for the attack, and placed himself in the front of the battle . . . . The artillery on both sides began to play, and though it was equal in strength, the French suffered the greater loss, the Spaniards having the advantage of the height. At the first discharges, our powder was blown up by an accident, and the flames which followed, seemed to kindle the whole field. When Gonzalo was informed of this disaster, he cried with a smiling countenance—'Courage friends, these are the illuminations of victory.' Nemours, to disembarass himself from our artillery, charged with his lance in the rest, and at full speed, but was checked by the fosse, and being taken in flank was slain, and the cavalry which followed, without a leader and without order, began to fly. The other divisions of the French experienced no better fortune, and the Spaniards issuing from their lines, routed and dispersed them. Night stopped the pursuit, and put an end to the slaughter. Prospero Colonna entered without resistance the enemy's camp, and the night having closed on him, lodged himself in the tent of the French general, and sat down to supper at the table which he found ready prepared, causing by his absence the greatest sorrow to his cousin and Gonzalo, who, seeing that he did not return, lamented him as dead. This was the event of the battle of Cerinola, which, if the number of the combatants and of the slain be considered, will not be reckoned among those of greatest importance; but it is rendered famous by the skill and conduct of the conquering general, and by its important results. The armies were nearly equal, the French having rather the advantage: 4000 of them were slain, and of our troops, some say 100, others 900. The prudent choice of the position, and the advantage made of the ditch, united with the temerity of the enemy, gave the victory and at a small cost, notwithstanding their cavalry was so superior, that Gonzalo said, such a body had not for a long time entered Italy. On the following day, among the dead, the body of the French general was found, at the sight of which the conqueror could not refrain from tears, reflecting on the sad fortune of a youthful commander, brave and gallant, with whom he had so often conversed as a friend and ally. He caused his body to be conveyed to Barleta, where his obsequies were performed with the same pomp and magnificence with which they would have been, had the French been the successful party.

To this volume is prefixed, a head of this great man with the title, *El gran Capitan*: the lines of his physiognomy correspond with the description given of his character.

ART. V.—*Le Petit Carrillonneur. Par M. Ducray Duminil, 4 Tomes. 12mo. Paris, 1809.*

THIS is a French imitation of the English romance of the Radclivian school, with here and there touches after the manner of Fielding. Much ingenuity is exercised in keeping the reader in a continual perplexity; the suspense is too long sustained, and the interest is drawn so fine, as to be in danger of snapping every moment. The situation of Dominique is like that of a poacher in a preserve, threading his way through the midst of man traps and spring guns. There is too much similarity in the adventures, too much parallelism of incident. Uniformity, and a marked correspondence of the ornaments are as much out of place in a novel as in a picturesque cottage, or a Gothic castle. As improbability and caricature are the universal vices of this class of writings, it would be invidious to censure M. Ducray Duminil for not avoiding faults of which the best of his exemplars are guilty. The general tendency of the novel is unexceptionable, although there are not wanting passages which do not merit this commendation. The national airiness and naiveté are distinguishable in the style. The author possesses that knowledge of life which enables him to keep his characters distinct and consistent, if not of portraying them with originality. Robineau has the best claim to novelty. Dominique is not the stiff and dignified personage of our romances, and if so much the less of a hero more like what one sees in life. His females are drawn with least ability, and throughout there is more lightness in his touch than strength. Before the revolution the village life in France combined many Arcadian pleasures with the religious simplicity of the patriarchal times, and the exercise of the feudal rights by the old Noblesse, however odious to the disciple of liberty, afforded a good ground-work for the novelist. The author of this tale accordingly has described with success the rural scenery of his hero's life. He must yield the palm to our English terrorists in the description of bloody deeds and mysterious horrors; but he has shewn himself at least as skilful as they in guarding his main secrets till the catastrophe, which however fails in poetical justice, as the principal offender escapes the due degree of punishment. We subjoin a sketch of the fable which, though we

are conscious, it is on too large a scale; does no more than trace the 'summa fastigia rerum.'

The hero of the tale, at the age of two years and a half, was exposed in the Champs Elysées, saved from perishing by Mathieu Robineau, a fiddler, and adopted by Monsieur and Madame Craquet, the messmates of Robineau. Necessity induced them to instruct the child in the art of chiming with small bells, and in the capacity of a Carrillonneur, to render him a public performer in the streets of Paris, carefully concealing from him the manner in which he had fallen into their hands, and the existence of certain papers found in his pockets, by which it appeared, that he was the son of F. Dominique d'Alinvil and M. C. S. Saint Erbin, and that he had enemies. Inquiries, twice made in an ambiguous manner by persons from among the crowds who listened to his music, awakened the fears of Robineau, and induced him to remove the foundling from the house of his reputed parents to that of M. Paterne, the curé of a village church, in which the office of Carrillonneur was then vacant. The D'Alinvils and the St. Erbins, two noble families, one residing in the village, the other at a neighbouring castle called Croix St. André, testified an anxious desire to ascertain his identity with the child that had been exposed in the Champs Elysées, which desire seemed to arise from different motives in the different parties, from a restrained love in the St. Erbins, and a suppressed hatred in the D'Alinvils. From the latter, Dominique, now approaching to manhood, underwent many persecutions, but the worst were odious propositions of love from the loathsome Countess D'Alinvil, accompanied with menaces of a revenge, such as would be inflicted by amorous disappointment, aggravated by previous hatred. Nevertheless, he resisted her allurements with more virtue than he did those of Gothon, the beadle's daughter, and in consequence, was obliged to fly from the happy abode of his youth, and to hide himself from her fury among the multitudes of Paris. The pleasures of his illicit amour with Gothon tempted him very soon to venture on a clandestine return to the village, but his temerity was rewarded by the treachery of his mistress, which was the occasion of his falling into the hands of the Count d'Alinvil, who, under false pretences, threw him into a subterraneous prison. From this dungeon and the renewed offers of love from the countess, he was delivered by the breaking down of an ancient partition, very opportunely, but unconsciously performed for him by a

somnambulist marquis, brother of the count, whose crimes would not suffer him to rest in bed. Having thus escaped a second time from the machinations of the D'Alinville, he fixed his residence at Dreux, and maintained himself by the exercise of his musical talent. Here a more worthy passion took possession of his heart, but apparently not likely to have a more fortunate result; for De Bleville, the soi-disant father of Adrienne, the now mistress of his affections, having been led to form some conjectures relative to the true origin of Dominique, declared that his union with Adrienne was opposed by insurmountable obstacles, the nature of which he could not reveal. He mingled many marks of friendship with the denial of his consent; even to the extent of sending a quarterly remittance of money to Dominique, which he prevented the latter from returning by changing and concealing his own residence. This disappointment induced Dominique to revisit Paris, where a mighty adventure befel him, which appeared to operate a great change in the dispositions of D'Alinville towards him. This was no less than saving the life of the count from the sword of some unknown person, with whom he was fighting a duel in one of the Boulevards. The Craquets were now dead, and in the settlement of their affairs Dominique, for the first time, found reason to doubt whether he was their son, for no proof could be adduced of their having had any child: Robineau, who might have dissipated his doubts, was absent from Paris on his private affairs, and had neglected to have his address. The count, with whom he had been on the most friendly terms since the affair of the duel, earnestly dissuaded him from endeavouring to substantiate his claim to the property of the Craquets by a legal investigation. Another nightly adventure happened to him, in which it was his fortune to save another D'Alinville from death. This was the marquis, the count's brother, who was stimulated to a desperate attempt on his own life, by the effect produced on his feelings, in overhearing the lamentations of a disguised stranger in the Champs Elysées, accompanied with words marking that to be the place where, seventeen years before, Dominique had been exposed. Our hero, yielding to the goodness of his heart, did not quit the marquis till he had delivered him safe into the hands of the count, although he was now convinced that he ran a great risk of his personal safety in venturing himself within the power of the D'Alinville. This



impression was more deeply infixed by the dark hints and menaces, which inadvertently as it were escaped from their lips. Gladly, therefore, he obeyed a summons from his beloved Adrienne to Croix St. André, the castle of the St. Erbins, inviting him to an interview with De Bléville, who, feeling himself at the point of death, wished to unfold an important secret. The St. Erbins received him with a strange mixture of openness and distrust; and the complaint of De Bléville, which was on the spirits, taking a favourable turn, the communication was delayed from day to day, at the same time that Dominique's hopes of obtaining the hand of Adrienne were suffered to rekindle. In the mean time several circumstances filled Dominique with suspicion of the Baron St. Erbin: an accident betrayed a secret correspondence between the baron and the count, in which Dominique imagined, from certain ambiguous expressions, that his own life was threatened by the former: the castle was haunted, or believed to be so; strange noises were heard during the night: connected with a wing of the castle was an inclosure, into which nobody was suffered to enter—in this it was apparent that some person was detained in captivity; a building called the pavilion of regrets, contained a tomb on which a child was sculptured, from which tomb a voice was heard to issue. The D'Alinville took advantage of the suspicions of the Baron St. Erbin which these mysteries infused into the mind of Dominique, to procure an interview with him by his own consent; wherein our hero yielding to the vivacity of his temper, and goaded by the suspense in which he was kept by both parties, threatened to force an explanation by an appeal to the tribunals.

Terrified at this menace, the marquis instantly destroyed himself; and Dominique took advantage of the confusion which this catastrophe occasioned to make his escape, but overcome by the agitation of his feelings, he fainted before he had proceeded far, and on recovering his senses found himself a prisoner in the hands of the count. He was however unexpectedly liberated by the appearance of a venerable capuchin, at whose sight the count covered his face in terror, released his captive, and fled. The capuchin declining to explain the nature of his influence over the count's feelings, and bidding Dominique pursue his way to Croix St. André, disappeared. Dominique was there informed that no explanation could be given till he had consulted his friend Robineau, and ascertained the existence of certain documents which were supposed to be

in his possession. When this application was made, Robineau disclosed the truth, and restored the papers which had been found in Dominique's pocket. Before these could be communicated to the St. Erbins, the count had laid a fresh trap by carrying off Adrienne, and would have succeeded in drawing the imprudent Dominique into his power by that lure, had not the capuchin a second time interposed at a critical moment, who not only rescued Dominique, but compelled the count to give up Adrienne to her lover's protection. The count, more successful in another attempt, deluded the credulous youth by a pretended message from the curé, M. Paterné, into a wood, where he seized him, and dagger in hand offered him the alternative of death, if he refused by his signature to a prepared writing to abandon his claim to the estates and name of D'Alinvil; but his guardian angel, the capuchin, is ready at every crisis of his fate, and arrests the blow. This mysterious personage prevailed on the count to engage that he would repair, with his wife, children, and title-deeds, to Croix St. André on a certain day, receiving an assurance that then and there the differences between the two families should be for ever terminated. Before this interview took place, de Bléville and the baron entered on the long-promised explanation with Dominique. It appeared that the fathers of the count and the baron were sworn friends, and had agreed to aggrandize the properties of their elder children by devoting their youngest to a religious life, which intention was defeated by the marriage of the parents of Dominique, who for their opposition to the plan were disinherited, and their portions settled on the issue of their match, with remainder to the uncles of the child. It became therefore the interest of the count and marquis D'Alinvil and the baron St. Erbin, the uncles in question, to exclude the child from its inheritance. The D'Alinvils, in pursuance of a design of that nature, poisoned the parents of Dominique. St. Erbin, innocent and ignorant of the murder, was guilty of the exposure of Dominique by the means of his two agents de Bléville, and the capuchin, who was the real father of Adrienne, whose remorse afterwards led him to assume the habit of a religious. The baron soon repented of his crime, as did de Bléville, and with the capuchin exerted every means first to discover the fate of the child, and secondly after they conceived they had found him in the person of Dominique to protect him secretly and vigilantly from the designs of the D'Alinvils, whose intention was to con-

summate their former crime by murdering him, as soon as they should ascertain his identity. The alteration of the count's manners after the duel was an experiment to try the effect of flattery instead of force. The concluding scene now followed. The D'Alinvils keeping their engagement, were ushered into a room, in the midst of which was a tomb covered with black velvet. The count, after manifesting some surprise at this mode of reception, demanded of Dominique his abdication of all claims on the D'Alinvils, in consideration of a certain provision to be made for him: this proposal was rejected with disdain. The baron proposed that both he and the count should give up whatever they unjustly detained from their nephew; this was peremptorily refused by the count, and the conference was about to break up, when suddenly a venerable old man issued from under the velvet, and uttered maledictions on the count for his refusal. This was the count's father, supposed to have died long before in the castle of Croix St. André, and to have been there interred by the side of his ancient friend the old baron St. Erbin, and shut out from intercourse with the world, lest from the shock which his intellects had received in consequence of the criminal conduct of his sons, he should in his ravings betray the 'cæcum domus scelus.' Though much recovered by the baron's care, he betrayed some remains of his insanity in determining to appear on this occasion like a spectre from the tomb. The baron was unwilling to oppose this fancy, and its effect answered the expectations of the inventor. For his guilty son, the Count D'Alinvil was suddenly smitten with remorse, delivered up the titles of his estates to his father, discarded his infamous wife, and turned hermit. The vile countess survived the shock a few days only. The old count himself, after settling his estates on his grandson, died very opportunely, to prevent the world from penetrating too far into the secret of these changes. Dominique understanding now who was the prisoner in the inclosure, and from where the night's noises and sepulchral voice had proceeded, in short, all the causes of mystery, acknowledged the ample manner in which the baron had atoned for his offences; and an act of amnesty was passed. *Le Petit Carrillonneur*, having now become the lord of an immense domain, and the husband of Adrienne, forgot not to provide for all his friends, more especially for honest Robineau, and to preserve the remembrance of his extraordinary adventure, he had the resemblance of his carrillon,

which he considered as the principal instrument of his good fortune, carved on the frontispiece of a pavilion, with this inscription, from a provincial song very popular in his day :—

‘ J’ avons encore dans l’oreille,  
De nos cloches le carrillon.’

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ART. VI.—*Introduccion para la Historia de la Revolucion de Espana. Por D. Alvaro Florez Estrada Procurador General del Principado de Asturias. Londres, Dulau, Johnson, Boosey, Deconchy, 8vo. 1810.*

THE author of this work was one of the earliest promoters of the Spanish revolution. His attachment to the cause of liberty, and his hatred of tyranny, prompted him to collect into one volume the damning proofs of the perfidy and cruelty of Buonaparte in the transactions, which were the immediate cause of that great event : transactions, which the worshippers of Napoleon are most unwilling to contemplate, not so much, we fear, from abhorrence of their shameless wickedness, as from regret on account of their obvious impolicy. We recognize the tokens of a real and disinterested patriotism in the style and sentiments of Senor Florez, not indeed without a mixture of democratic vehemence, and perhaps of republican principles. But we do not think that a tendency of that nature in a Spaniard should be viewed with too jealous an eye at the present crisis, when the armies of despotism are so far advanced into the bowels of the land, and when the political disorders of Spain cannot be remedied by any thing short of a radical change. If the edifice of the new constitution, which the Cortes are desirous of erecting, is intended to stand the shock of arms, its foundation must be laid deep in the principles of liberty ; of liberty duly understood. And it is satisfactory to observe that the proceedings of that assembly afford reason to hope that its members are anxious to steer the middle course between the ancient despotism of the feudal governments, and the modern licentiousness of Jacobinism. There are not wanting, among the Spaniards, men of much information, experience, and wisdom, who are not only able to appreciate the excellence of the English constitution, but are actually engaged in the laudable attempt to render the knowledge of its leading principles familiar to the

legislators of the peninsula.\* The best wish we can form for the Spanish people, at this juncture, is, that they may not fall into the error of the French, when under similar circumstances they indulged a national pride, destructive of the independence of which they meant it should be a proof, and refused to walk in the day-light of British liberty, choosing rather to grope their way through the darkness of inexperience by the deceitful glare of metaphysical speculations.

We shall not attempt to follow this author through the course of his narration; the leading facts which he details have been communicated to the public by D. Pedro Cevallos, and other writers, and are too well known even for recapitulation. We shall confine ourselves, therefore, to a few extracts from the passages which principally caught our attention.

The state of the nation at the commencement of the troubles affords a melancholy picture of mis-government.

'In the twenty years which had passed under the reign of Charles IV. a prince the most insignificant that was ever known, governed by a woman corrupt and abandoned, not a single act of justice and virtue can be attributed to the government. Not a measure was adopted, which was not dictated by the grossest ignorance or the most absolute tyranny. A favourite the most stupid, the most immoral, the most rapacious, the most arbitrary, and the most overloaded with dignities and wealth, of any recorded in history, had plunged the nation into an abyss of incalculable evils. There was not a Spaniard who in his heart did not lament the conduct of the king and queen, and earnestly desire the chastisement of their minion. During this disgraceful reign, the nation had lost the whole fleet, which at the death of Charles III. was stronger and in better condition than at any previous time. The army was wasted away; even the garrisons were withdrawn. The treasury was exhausted: the public credit at the lowest ebb. The national debt had increased with equal rapidity in peace and war, and far the greater portion of it had been contracted within a short period. Favour, and not merit, was the road to employment. No person of character was suffered to continue long in office. There were no laws

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\* In proof of this assertion we need only refer to a monthly publication in Spanish, entitled *El Espanol*, by D. J. Blanco White, printed in London. Of the moderation, candour, and ability of its editor, of his just love of liberty, and his unaffected loyalty, it is impossible to speak in terms of too high encomium, and the apparent devotion of all his faculties to the service of his afflicted country, diffuses a spirit through the work, which will be sensibly felt by all who are capable of attachment to the 'buena causa.'



but the caprices of the favourite and his agents. The manners of the great were corrupted in an incredible degree. The people of a grave character, much addicted to their habits, kept in ignorance by the policy of their governors, and from time immemorial subjected to a monarchical government, which had been continually verging towards despotism, bore every thing with patience from their sovereigns, whom they habitually revered, but universally felt that the outrages of the favourite were insufferable. So far had the insolence of Godoy proceeded, that he threatened to cane the Prince of Asturias into submission, when he opposed the migration of the royal family to America.

Senor Florez considers the tumult of the second of May, as the result of a preconcerted plan on the part of the French, and asserts that the French expected that event, and that some Spaniards had private intimations that it would be safer to leave the capital before that day. Murat, impatient to execute his secret instructions, and to establish a despotic power, ordered his soldiers to fire on the unoffending populace, taking advantage of the clamours of some women, whom he himself had hired to utter those cries. The number of French destroyed on that day is computed at 7100, on the authority of a return sent by Murat to the Prince of Neuchatel, while the loss of the Spaniards did not exceed 200, according to the account afterwards taken by the government. This great disproportion was occasioned by the advantage which the Spaniards possessed in the screen which the houses afforded them.

In relating the transactions at Bayonne, the author pays just compliments to the integrity and firmness of D. Pedro Cevallos, and D. Pedro Labrador, and to the good intentions of D. Juan Escoiquiz, and seems to think that Ferdinand would not have yielded to the wishes of Bonaparte, had he not considered his resistance as the death-warrant not only of himself, but of the faithful body of counsellors with which he was surrounded. Had those counsellors shewn at Madrid the energy and decision which they displayed in vain at Bayonne, the abdication and captivity of their master might have been prevented.

From a sweeping condemnation of the members of the council, of which the Infante D. Antonio, a man without spirit and talent, was the president, the only exceptions are D. Arias de Mon, and D. Francisco Gil, whose characters have continued without impeachment.

In forming an estimate of the probabilities of a success-

ful termination to the contest in which the Spanish nation is unhappily involved, Senor Florez observes,

‘ That the judgment to be formed does not depend on contingencies and events which have not yet taken place, but on making the past the criterion of the future. The same causes have ever produced the same effects in all times and countries. Activity, energy, and valour, profligate ambition and ferocity, are blended in the character of Bonaparte. Equally intrepid and daring in council and execution, to these qualities he has been much more indebted for his victories than to plans wise in themselves, or evincing that foresight and power of combination, which are the surest evidences of military genius. In Spain he has succeeded better by infusing panic than by fighting, and his conquests seem to have been more the effect of trick than of a superior force, executing a system of operations of which his rivals were ignorant. Spain, without a disciplined force, without generals, without officers, without any warlike preparations, witnessed the rout of large armies, which had hitherto been preceded by victory in countries defended by still larger armies of regular troops. Valencia, Zaragoza, Galicia, and Gerona, disproved for ever that his former triumphs were due to his military genius. The art of war must be the same in the south as in the north. He who in the one with equal or inferior forces is invariably invincible, would not in the other be beaten by raw recruits, if his former success were the mere result of his abilities. The fact is, Napoleon was invincible in neither, and the difference in the event was to be attributed to moral causes. Napoleon, in the north, fought with soldiers under his command who had the alluring prospect of booty, and of a certain advantage in case of success. His adversaries were slaves, without a personal interest in the contest: whose courage was passive and immoveable, devoid of ardour and enthusiasm. In Spain he had to contend with men, who, if they were not free, laboured and fought in earnest to become so. The interest which they had in the event was of a superior nature to that which actuated their invaders, and their success was in proportion. Napoleon, imprudently despising enemies of this stamp, such as he had never been accustomed to engage, divided his forces, because he saw soldiers no where to oppose them, ignorant that all are soldiers when it is the interest of all to defend themselves, and that this interest is the only master which teaches a system of irresistible tactics. If his disasters were afterwards converted into triumphs, it happened, not because he had learned to correct his mistakes, or had ceased to deceive himself by under-rating the strength of his opponents, or had aroused himself to the display of his great science, and to the application of his mysterious secrets; but because the nature of the struggle was essentially changed, and he had now to en-

counter a weak and foolish government, which rejected the very materials of which they should have erected the temple of victory, when they refused to impart political knowledge and liberty to the people; a government which had the stupidity to imagine, that the individuals of which it was composed, were placed there solely for their merit, and were not a moveable at the will of the people: a government which had not the vigour to punish those, who were openly opposed to the good cause, nor energy sufficient to call forth the means of checking the now victorious career of the enemy: a government composed in a great degree of persons belonging to the classes interested in the maintenance of the abuses under which the nation groaned, and which consequently had not the virtue to redress one of those grievances. To this weak and foolish government succeeded another, weak, foolish, and corrupted, which to the faults of its predecessor added others more deadly in their consequences; which neglected to expedite the feeble preparations already on foot; which yielded to the influence of suspicious persons, who either had been the partizans of France, or by the mysteriousness of their conduct had forfeited the confidence of the people; which imprisoned, or suffered to languish in inactivity, the true patriots, and created useless employments to lavish on the enemies of their country, or on those to whom the members of the government were personally obliged; which conferred military commands as favours; and in fine, by these means quenched the fire of patriotism, and introduced disgust and despair into the hearts of those who had espoused the cause of their country."

In further support of his argument, our author adverts to the difference between the Spanish and French revolutions.

'The former began with triumphs, the latter with disasters. In the former the subsequent events were all reverses, in the latter victories. At first one wish animated the Spaniards, and enabled them to foil the boasted tactics and superior numbers of the enemy, but no sooner had they lost confidence in their government, than their victories and triumphs were converted into defeats and dispersions. In France, the consolidation of the powers of government, and the establishment of a constitution, gave the people the enthusiasm which they wanted, and as it were wedded success to their arms. The French were neither inferior to their opponents in military knowledge when they were worsted, nor superior to them when their arms prevailed. The Spaniards were not stronger in force nor more skilful in theory when they drove the French to the Ebro, than they were afterwards when the consequence of every battle was discomfiture and dismay. The power of Buonaparte is more in ap-

pearance than in reality. Large armies are necessary to keep in subjection the conquered nations, and with his utmost efforts he can never send to the Peninsula a force equal to that which can be brought against him, when the people shall be thoroughly convinced that they are fighting for their own interests, and not to be the slaves of a monarch, whether his name be Napoleon, or Fernando, or Alphonso. To our shame be it spoken, there are few of the provinces which have compelled the population to enlist. If, when that measure has been adopted there should be found a deficiency, then and not till then will it be said with justice that we want soldiers: and it is an insult to believe, that the Spaniards cannot be formed into soldiers and officers, when Napoleon denominates those veterans who have seen six months service. The confidence of the nation no longer rests on vain and foolish hopes that their representatives will prove persons of integrity; it rests on wise provisions calculated to prevent them from materially injuring their country by a failure in that respect. The declaration of the sovereignty of the Cortes is the foundation of the whole edifice. This principle enables the people to assert and claim their rights as their own, and not to sue for them as a boon from their monarch. The publicity of the sittings of the legislative assembly gives the people an influence over the conduct and sentiments of their governors, and checks the follies of ignorance, and the intrigues of malevolence. The liberty of the press will break the chains of prejudice, facilitate the communication of opinion, and furnish the means of self-vindication, and of exposing the dark attempts of persecution and oppression: and the resolution of the members of the Cortes not to accept of any public employment while in that capacity, manifests the purity of their intentions, and fills their countrymen with sentiments of respect and affection\*.

We hope that this writer considers the work before us, merely as the commencement of his undertaking. The history of the period, from the breaking out of the insurrection to the meeting of the Cortes, is very imperfectly known in this country. The information and courage of

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\* The judicious Editor of the monthly publication referred to in the former note, does not partake in this author's admiration of the self-denying ordinance, because it deprives the nation of the services of tried and experienced men; because it strengthens the powers of the crown, and of the clergy and nobility, who think they have a right to be representatives in the Cortes as such, by the accession of a numerous class formed of those who are thus excluded from the legislative assembly; and because the risk of, and the mischief from, the gaining of a few members by the offer of places are small, as the publicity which is given to the conduct and opinions of the deputies must act as a check on inconsistency, by rendering it barefaced and opprobrious.

Senor Florez qualify him to supply the defect, and if he be thought sanguine and enthusiastic we are not aware that he is therefore to be considered as incapable of discharging the office of a contemporary writer. Time will detect his errors, if he should commit any. The detail and record of facts and opinions cannot be too soon performed: the cool investigation and impartial balancing of them must be left to historians of other days; but if it is their task to select and arrange, it is ours to accumulate materials: and though a work of the nature we recommend must be necessarily imperfect, its moral uses will be of incalculable advantage, if it do no more than record traits of virtue and heroism which might otherwise be lost in oblivion, and bring to the speedy and condign punishment of public infamy those weak or wicked men, whose conduct has reduced their country to a state of the extremest peril\*.

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ART. VII.—*Vie Privée, Politique, et Militaire du Prince Henri de Prusse, &c. Private, Political, and Military Life of Prince Henry of Prussia, Brother of Frederick II.* Paris, 1810. 8vo. London, Dulau.

THE rapid growth, and the still more rapid decay of the Prussian power, are remarkable events in the history of modern Europe. The Prussian monarchy, at present, may, as far as political importance is concerned, be truly said to have ceased to exist; for it exists only by sufferance. It is entirely at the mercy of Buonaparte, who can spread his tremendous legions over its prostrate territory any day in the week. The Prussian monarchy, therefore, which first commenced under the auspices of Frederick I. on the 18th of January 1701, may be said to have been threatened with the pangs of dissolution since the battle of Jena, in 1806. Little more than a century, therefore, has sufficed for its birth, its increase, and its expiration. Such is the short lived history of a government purely military, and in the support of which hardly a man in the whole population felt a vivid interest, except the selfish few who fattened on the oppression of the people.

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\* Since writing the above we have learned that Senor Florez is about to publish a history of the revolution in the principality of Asturias, in which he is said to have borne so great a part, as with justice to be called the author and origin of the whole.



The life of Prince Henry comprehends the most splendid days of the Prussian monarchy; and, as he did not die till 1802, it extends about sixteen years after the sun of its greatness was set in the grave of Frederick II.; one of the few monarchs who have hardly earned the name of Great.

From the union of Frederick William, the first of that name, and the second king of Prussia, a prince, whose ignorance amounted almost to barbarism, with Sophia Dorothea of Hanover, sister of George II. king of England, a princess whose principal merit is said to have consisted in her fecundity, sprung a numerous progeny of four princes and six princesses, who were remarkable for their personal accomplishments and their intellectual endowments; and who, with one exception, exhibited marks of character of a superior class. Of the above family, the third son was Frederick Henry Louis, generally known by the name of Prince Henry, and the subject of the present article. He was born at Berlin on the 18th of January, 1726.

Prince Henry was too young to take any active part in the attempt to obtain possession of Silesia, which Frederick II. made at the head of his army, in the first year of his reign (1740). On the 23d of January, 1741, he had rendered himself master of that fine province, which was ceded to him by the treaty of Breslau, in June 1742, and for half a century afterwards constituted a perpetual source of jealous inquietude, and of open or of lurking animosity between the cabinets of Vienna and Berlin.

In 1742, Prince Henry served his first campaign at the age of sixteen, with the commission of colonel in the army, which penetrated into Moravia, under the orders of Marshal Schwerin and the king. Thus he was early schooled in the theory and practice of war; and he soon acquired a brilliant reputation, which was perhaps, at the time, somewhat obscured by that of his brother, but which seems likely to be as permanent as that of most of the generals of the eighteenth century, previous to the unexpected crisis of the French revolution.

We shall not pay much attention to the military life of Prince Henry, which has, in fact, been written over and over again in the various histories of the times. We have but little pleasure, nor would it contribute much to the gratification of our readers, to recount the battles, sieges, and various military movements, victories and defeats, in which Prince Henry was engaged. But we shall select

from the present work some few particulars of his domestic and political life, which are less generally known, and more generally interesting.

That part of the youth of Prince Henry, which was not passed amid the din of arms, was, for the most part spent in strenuous application to literature and philosophy, or in the converse of those men of genius and erudition, whom his brother had assembled at his court. At the *petit couvert*, the confidential table of the Great Frederick, the most instructive and animated conversation prevailed, on all subjects of the highest interest and importance. The monarch, throwing off the repulsive exterior of royalty, assumed the courteous demeanour of the amiable private gentleman. All restraint was removed; and for once it may be recorded in history, that, at the table of a king, the courtier appeared without the mask of the hypocrite; and the guests of the sovereign, instead of studying what they should speak, spoke what they thought. Truth was heard, and sincerity was seen, even at the table of a king.

In the midst of the abundance of knowledge, which the social parties of the Prussian monarch contained, the mind of Prince Henry, which was naturally of a reflective turn, must have been continually expanded and invigorated. His judgment must have been often rectified, and his taste refined.

In June 1752, Prince Henry, in compliance with the wish of his royal brother, married the Princess Wilhelmina of Hesse Cassel. He now obtained an independent establishment, which, without being very magnificent, was not unsuited to his rank and birth. Prince Henry, as the author says, now began to be himself. He now traced a plan of domestic economy and conduct, from which he hardly ever afterwards deviated. He formed a select society, the happiness of which was, in a great measure, secured by his habitual amenity of character.

Passing over the seven year's war, that splendid epoch in the military life of Prince Henry, we find him enjoying a period of pacific repose from 1763 to 1772. Like his brother Frederick he was fond of living without the parade and glitter of greatness; and his castle at *Rheinsberg*, about twelve German miles from Berlin, was to him what *Sans Souci* was to the king. Here the prince enjoyed those sweets of friendship which are known only to the few in the more elevated sphere of life, of whom goodness is the principal attribute.

In several of the first years after the close of the seven year's war, the nuptial happiness of Prince Henry appears to have suffered no diminution. But this prince who, as the author says, 'was so worthy of being loved, because he knew how to love, soon became the dupe of his confidence.' His principal favourite, the Count de K—, contrived by his artifice to disturb the amity of the prince and the princess; and to produce a breach between them, which was never afterwards repaired. Yielding to the first impulse of his emotions, which were justified by appearances, he separated himself from his wife, and their union was in no future period renewed. When they met at court they never spoke, and this state of estrangement continued for the thirty-five years that Prince Henry survived the original separation.

After this unfortunate event, Prince Henry at first endeavoured in vain to call philosophy to his aid, to fill up the melancholy chasm which was occasioned in the comfort of his domestic life. The education of Prince Henry had predisposed him to prefer the French language and literature to those of Germany; and his subsequent intercourse with Voltaire, with whom he had recited his chief dramatic works, had tended still further to corroborate this early attachment. He now resolved to construct a French theatre in his castle at *Rheinsberg*.

His generosity besides attracted workmen and artists of various kinds to his mansion, where their talents and labours were turned to the best account. He also established several manufactories, particularly of glass and earthenware. He built houses which he allotted for the dwelling of those who had served him best; and Rheinsberg, augmented and embellished by his taste, exhibited the appearance of a happy and flourishing colony, in the midst of the immense forests of pine, or plains of arid sand by which it was environed. 'All that you tell me,' says Voltaire in a letter to M. Formey, 'of the life which he (Prince Henry) leads at Rheinsberg, confirms me in my opinion, that glory and the arts have taken refuge in the north.'

The happiness of Prince Henry seemed to originate in the happiness which he diffused around him. What human felicity can be traced to the fountain-head of a purer spring? But his repose was disturbed, and his mind agitated by frequent instances of ingratitude. He was not sufficiently judicious nor discriminate in the objects of his patronage. The individuals, on whom he showered his bounty, were often persons whose only claim to preference

was to be found in the caprice of the benefactor. He was too unreserved in his confidence, and too indiscriminate in his beneficence; and what constituted the charm, proved also the torment of his life.

'Favourites,' says the author, 'are seldom very economical of the favours of a prince who is disposed to grant them. Those of Prince Henry observed no moderation, and his finances felt the effects of his liberality. But some order and frugality were still maintained in the midst of his profusion; and this was essentially necessary in order to render his revenue of five hundred thousand livres equal to the support of the hundred and ten persons who composed his court. But he was sparing in the expence of ceremonial parade, and few princes were contented with less. Thus when a German prince once expressed his surprise, on finding that he had only twenty horses in his stables, Prince Henry replied, 'I know that you keep more horses than I do, but I give subsistence to more men than you.'

One of the primary qualifications of a sage is the right distribution of his time. In this respect Prince Henry and his brother Frederick II. might serve as models for the imitation of those philosophers, who seek to unite speculative pursuits with the practical duties of life. Prince Henry commonly passed his mornings alone, in reading, reflection, or writing letters to his numerous correspondents in different parts of Europe, particularly in France. He then walked for some hours alone, or with any individual whom he wished to distinguish, or whose conversation he liked. His table at dinner resembled that of a philosopher rather than of a prince. But there was no gloom nor restraint, and the utmost ease and hilarity prevailed. After some minutes conversation after dinner every one was at liberty to do as he pleased. The supper parties of the prince were of much longer duration, particularly when he was pleased with his guests. Then the time glided unconsciously away amid the feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Frederick the Great died on the 17th of August 1786; and, according to a prediction of Mirabeau, in his secret history of the court of Berlin, *without a successor*. A phantom, indeed, under the title of Frederick William II. occupied his place; but all that constituted the solidity of the throne was gone. His former life had been passed in low company, sordid pleasures, an ignominious libertinism, and a puerile superstition; and as he was born in 1744 he was not of that tender age when he mounted the

throne, at which old habits may be easily relinquished and new acquired.

Prince Henry had not that influence in the councils of the new reign, which might have been expected from his authority and experience. Frederick William II. reposed less confidence in his uncle, than in M. de Hertzberg, his decided enemy. After having made a fruitless effort to save the Prussian monarchy from the ruin in which he foresaw that it would be finally plunged by the principles of the new administration, Prince Henry retired in disgust to his country seat at Rheinsberg.

In December 1788, Prince Henry travelled into France. The political horizon of that country was then lowering with the clouds which soon afterwards brought on the tempest of the revolution. But, however dark and turbid the moral atmosphere of France might, at that time, appear, the prince had conceived hopes, which many honest and enlightened men had also conceived, that brighter prospects would soon open on the people and the government. The prince was deluded by the hopes which the financial quackery of M. Necker at that period inspired; but which like other quackery ended in the aggravation of the evil it was meant to cure.

Prince Henry however had, at this time, formed a serious design of settling in France, and of ending his days among a people, whose manners, language, and literature, he had long admired. He was already in treaty for a house at Paris, and for an estate at fifteen leagues from the capital. But the delays, inseparable from such arrangements, gave him time to take a closer and more accurate survey of the state of the public mind. The convocation of the states-general announced a violent crisis, which could hardly appear ambiguous to the mind of one who discerned the corruption and imbecility of the court, and who knew the passions of men. He foresaw the destruction of the public tranquillity, and he determined not to fix his residence to the west of the Rhine. Prince Henry quitted Paris in the middle of March 1789. The aversion, or rather animosity of the Prussian monarch towards his uncle, had been augmented during his absence, by the artifice and misrepresentations of the courtiers, who shrunk with the timidity of selfishness and vice, from the aspect of his enlightened mind and his magnanimous qualities. The prince now lived more secluded than ever at Rheinsberg. The recollections of his youth and his maturer years, became the last companions of his age;



and he erected several monuments in his grounds, which were destined to record those events or objects of his friendship, his esteem, or gratitude, on which he most delighted to dwell.

At this period Prince Henry was a calm but thoughtful observer of the awful phenomena of the French revolution, which had begun to fix the attention of the people and the sovereigns of Europe. The wish of his heart was, that the states-general, concentrating such a scattered mass of knowledge, would employ it in promoting the real interest and happiness of France. But his better hopes were soon blasted by the struggles of individual interest and ambition, which excluded all consideration of the public good. When, however, Prince Henry beheld the anarchy which was engendered by the furious factions in the national assembly, he said, "*This state of things cannot last; we must expect the remedy from time and patience.*" But what a remedy has time and patience at last produced! In the French revolution the passions have been omnipotent; the *general principles of justice, humanity, &c.* though highly extolled in words, have counted for nothing in practice.

Prince Henry did not approve the hostile muster of the emigrants in the year 1790, under the banners of the fugitive French princes. He afterwards regarded the revolutionary crusade, in which Frederick William II. so inconsiderately entered against France, as adverse to the real interests of Prussia, as disproportioned to her actual means, and as tending rather to aggravate than to appease the troubles of France. He saw the impossibility of forming any solid coalition out of such brittle materials and such jarring interests, as the European governments could unite against France. His anxious wish therefore, was, that the king of Prussia and the emperor, would become mediators between the king of France, the emigrants, and what was then forcibly termed, *the nation*. He saw that a foreign war would have the effect of uniting the different factions, and thus of giving tenfold vigour to the energy which it was designed to paralyze.

When Prussia declared war against France in 1792, the prince heaved a prophetic sigh at the misery which he foresaw that it would accumulate on Prussia, and even on France. When he found that he could make no alteration in the military sentiments of the cabinet, he said "*If you will make war, at least make it so as to ensure success.*" He knew that the force with which Prussia meditated to invade

France, was not half so large as it ought to be. After the disastrous campaign of 1792, Prince Henry was convinced that the further continuance of the war would only exhaust the allies, and give a more terrible impulse to the movements of the revolutionary machine. He thought that peace alone could save Europe, and that to be effectual, it ought to be prompt. These were his own expressions on the subject.

‘Chaque année de guerre, devant augmenter chez les puissances la nécessité de la terminer, les conditions de la paix augmenteraient de prix par cette mesure.’

This opinion was reiterated in his conversation and his epistolary correspondence.

In another letter to the Count de Grimoard, the prince writes as follows :

‘If any regard had been shewn to my weak councils, this war should never have been undertaken. I could not anticipate all that has happened, but I could foresee that twenty-four millions of men would not act like a handful of Dutch\*. My advice was asked by the emigrants; my answers were frank. My predictions on the impolicy of their measures procured me the title of *democrat*, whilst I desire no other title than that of the friend of humanity.—It was thought by those, who had not another thought in their heads, that we had nothing to do but to march straight to Paris. When this fine project was announced to me, I could not bring myself to believe it; at last it was attempted to be executed, and you know the consequences. It would be for the interest of all parties to make peace.’

In perilous exigencies, men of superior ability find their level. When Frederick William II. saw his armies discomfited, and his country on the brink of ruin, he sent for Prince Henry to Potsdam; and eagerly embracing him, he said, ‘*Mon cher oncle, sauvez moi.*’ The nephew now agreed with the uncle, that peace with France was the only remedy for the accumulated sufferings of the state. The king desired Prince Henry to lend his aid in bringing about this desirable event. He accepted this honourable office, and undertook to direct the negotiation. The previous discussions were opened at Basle in January 1795, and brought to an amicable conclusion in the April following, when a treaty of peace was consummated between Prussia and the republic of France. Frederick William II.

\* This refers to the march of the Prussians into Holland in September 1797.

did not survive this event more than two years. Prince Henry, then far advanced in life, was not sorry to behold the crown placed on the head of a prince of more estimable qualities. The young king showed more deference to his councils, and more respect for his authority and experience. Prince Henry now enjoyed a short interval of pleasurable serenity before his dissolution. He was attacked with a fever in July 1802, and he breathed his last on the third of August following, in the 77th year of his age. His character is imperfectly exhibited in the details which we have given of his life.

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ART. VIII.—*History of the Italian Republics of the middle Ages.* By J. C. L. Sismondo Sismondi.

[Continued from our last Appendix.]

WE have hitherto indulged ourselves in making fewer extracts from this work than its merit, in our estimation, demands; and we cannot help conceiving that our readers will be more satisfied with us, if we extend this privilege of criticism a little further than we have yet done, than they would be by our resuming an analysis which can, at all events, convey but transient and uncertain impressions of the real nature of an historical work. Without further preface, we shall proceed to quote largely from the 57th chapter (the first in the eighth volume), which, containing a general retrospective view of the fourteenth century, will, in great measure, answer both purposes.

‘This retrospective survey of the age we have now passed over, is not calculated to afford us entire satisfaction. Great actions have been accomplished within it; great characters have presented themselves upon its stage; great virtues, great alterations, and great crimes; above all, a great development of the human understanding, have, by turns, engaged our attention; but we cannot discover any single and prevailing sentiment, that fills and animates the minds of all; we do not find that the revolutions of states, or the passions of individuals, point to any one leading object; and this age, perhaps the most fertile, for Italy, in great writers, in profound thinkers, and superior men, has no determined character of its own. The personages of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, with their energy of freedom, and their ardent desire of power and of glory, present a very different picture to our memories. The history of every city was there almost the same; the life of every citizen resembled that of his fellow, not in a similar state of repose, but in an activity of the same nature; all pressed forward with energy to the same end;

all advanced rapidly upon the same career; and the whole nation had a great character, not because there were many great individuals among her citizens, but because every individual, down to the obscurest citizen, had received from nature an ample portion.

In the 14th century, some prominent characters stand much more detached from the mass of humanity; they draw attention towards themselves; they command it by their splendid actions, their talents, or their crimes; but the nation to which they belong remains all the time stationary; and, while they, like wandering stars, shine with a brilliant and irregular light, the people, whom they ought to guide, lose themselves in the mazes of politics; sometimes advancing, sometimes receding; some tending to liberty, others to despotism; immorality and religion, superstition and philosophy, courage and cowardice, alternately prevail, and, after the revolution of a whole century, we find ourselves unable to decide whether society has, in any sense, made the smallest progress.

The first chef-d'œuvre of the Italian languages belongs to the fourteenth century; it was, in some sort, born with it: the immortal poem of Dante is dated from the first year of the century; Petrarch and Boccaccio belong to it altogether; and other estimable poets who still possess a distinguished rank, although inferior to those we have mentioned.\* Nevertheless, the new school suddenly loses all its fertility; Italian literature is arrested on its progress; the powers of invention seem to forsake it; imagination is curbed by the shackles of erudition; tiresome copyists supply the place of poets; they produce no longer any thing but sonnets, *canzoni*, and cold allegories imitated from the *Trionfi* of Petrarch; inspiration is frozen by the stiffness of metrical rules; sentiment refuses to confine itself within the narrow walls by which they would circumscribe it; the cultivation of epic and dramatic poetry is forsaken; and the essayists of lyrical verse contribute to it neither imagination, nor enthusiasm, nor sensibility. The Italian muses at last become silent altogether; and, at the end of the century, there does not remain a single genius to do honour to its native tongue; while that tongue, already drained and corrupted, is doomed to slumber yet another hundred years before it is awakened to be employed on new occasions.

Antiquity had been laid open; and, in their holy reverence for her, men would have had her occupy the place of the present time. The study of the dead languages suspended all at once the vital functions of a people so ready to receive the im-

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\* Especially, Boso de Gubbio, Francesco de Barberino, Benuccio Salimbeni, Bindo Bonichi, Fazio degl' Uberti, Marco Barbato, Giovanni Barili, Senuccio del Bene, Lancilotto Anguiscola, Zenone Zenosi, and Franco Sacchetti.

pressions of novelty. It was in repeating the sounds of past ages, in placing themselves by the side of the dead, that they sought to acquire glory; as if inspiration could ever animate a language which has never reverberated even to the bottom of the heart in the intimacy of domestic relations; a language in which the son has not heard his mother, nor the lover his mistress; a language which excites no popular emotion, and is incapable of agitating or influencing the multitude. Men of distinguished genius learned to think, to feel, to speak, like Cicero, or Livy, or Virgil. They succeeded in appearing like shadows, of which antiquity was the substance. But the present was but the image of that time past, which they desired to recall; and this reflected state of existence, devoid of spontaneous motion, possessed all the melancholy coldness of the death which it imitated.\*

‘ This zeal for erudition produced at least the advantage of having collected together the rich monuments of antiquity which had been too much neglected. The art of manufacturing paper, which seems to have been invented at Fabriano, in the march of Ancona, about the end of the preceding century, introduced the facility of multiplying copies of the most precious manuscripts; king Robert of Naples, the Marquis of Este, John Galeas, Duke of Milan, Louis Gonzaga, Pandolph Malatesta, and many other sovereigns, collected books at a great expence, and accommodated the learned with the use of their valuable libraries. Private men imitated this princely magnificence, and Italy was soon the richest in libraries of all the countries of Europe.

‘ The exaggerated and pedantic rage for erudition could not be on the whole of advantage to literature; but to the progress of particular studies this ardour was perhaps essential; and the Italians sustained, throughout this century, the glory of their universities by the learned labours of their theologians†, canonists‡, and civilians||. There was a time at which the names of Giovanni d’Andrea, Bartolus, and Baldus, were thought doomed to an eternal celebrity; but erudition gives only a borrowed glory, a passing lustre; genius, and not the immensity

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\* The most celebrated Latin poets, after Petrarch and Zenobio de Strata, are, Albertinus Mussatus, Ferretus Vicentinus, Conventiole de Prato, Andreas Mantuanus, Franc. Landinus, Jacopo Allegretti, and Coluccio Salutati. Among the prose writers, we shall recall, above others, the names of the historians whom we have employed. At the end of the century, appeared Leonardo Bruno, called Aretine; Poggio Bracciolini, and Coluccio Salutati, far superior, as writers of Latin, to any of their predecessors.

† Robert de Bardi, Denis de Borgo San Sepolcro, William of Cremona, Ugolino Malabranca, Bonaventura Peraga, Luigi Marsigli, &c.

‡ Guido de Balso, Giov. d’Andrea, Giov. Calderini, Paolo de Liazari, Giov. de Legnano, Pietro d’Ancarano, Lapo de Castiglionchio, Francesco Tabarella, &c.

|| Cino da Pistoja, Bartolo da Sasso Ferrato, Nicolo Spinelli, Andrea d’Isernia, Baldo, Gian Pietro Ferrari, Ricardo de Saliceto, &c.



of knowledge, is that which can alone warrant to man his triumph over time.'

M. Sismondi is ready on other occasions to raise the question, whether genius has not suffered more than it has gained, by the revival of Greek and Roman literature. After allowing to Boccaccio and the revivors of the fourteenth century the tribute of gratitude which is so justly due to them, for rescuing from oblivion the noblest specimens of human genius that the world has ever produced, and kindling the enthusiasm which was afterwards carried to a pitch so fatal to the original powers of mind and imagination, he finds occasion to introduce an extremely picturesque comparison between the countries and inhabitants of Greece and Italy, and then proceeds in the following words. (Tom. VI. p. 173.)

'At the period when the study of Greek literature was transported to Italy, and when models, approaching to perfection, were offered to the imitation of orators, poets, philosophers, and artists, the resemblance between Greece and Italy was much more complete, even than it is in our days. An almost absolute parity of government, manners, and habits, seemed to have marked out one of these people to tread in the footsteps of the other. Nevertheless, the literature and the arts of Greece still languished for some time after their introduction into Italy. The imitation of the happiest models seemed rather to freeze than to animate genius. There is no impulse for those who aim at nothing higher than copying from others; the pedantry of erudition, the study of dead languages which they in vain endeavoured to revive, and the servile instructions of schools, gave, for a long time, a false direction to the national spirit.

'The end of the fourteenth, and the beginning of the fifteenth, centuries, produced Latin authors only. Many of them, undoubtedly, attained a rare degree of elegance, but they had all voluntarily renounced one inestimable advantage, the encouragement which their fellow citizens only could bestow upon them. When the whole nation is endowed with imagination and sensibility, she takes an interest in her native literature which she cannot attach to a foreign language; she communicates to it her own character; she co-operates in bringing it to perfection by her criticisms even more than the authors themselves by their labours. The defects with which Italian literature is even now reproached, may all be explained by the first false step, the having abandoned her native language in an age which ought to have been the most eminent for the union of taste and genius. This age, that which followed Dante and Petrarch, was utterly lost to the interest of letters; pedantry deprived it of all

its vigour, and all its monuments remain buried in a foreign language. It was more than a hundred years after the death of Petrarch, that two poems\* appeared in the Italian language, which are still regarded as classical; although both are written in a style of semi-burlesque, from the notion that the language itself was unworthy of a serious subject. When, at a yet later period, the language was again employed by poets of a more exalted talent, the nation which was to encourage them had lost all its pride, and all its consequence, and, above all, those profound sentiments, which make poetry harmonize with the soul as well as with the imagination, *qui font concevoir le dévouement, qui communiquent l'enthousiasme, et qui conservent une teinte mélancolique aux tableaux les plus animés.*

Another, and a no less important consequence which M. Sismondi discovers to have resulted from this ardent zeal for antiquity, is its tendency to promote ideas of political servitude and subjection rather than those of liberty and patriotism. He notices, as an extraordinary circumstance, the increase of weight in the scale of popular opinion which the imperial power acquired during the age of which we are now treating, although its real imbecility and insignificance were then at their lowest ebb. The long interregnum which ensued upon the extinction of the house of Swabia had almost annihilated every portion of dignity and respect, which was attached to the imperial title beyond the Alps; and the subsequent elevation of princes, so poor and feeble in comparison with the great hereditary sovereigns of the Germanic body as those of the houses of Hapsburg and Luxemburg, was not at all calculated to restore those sentiments upon which the real strength of monarchs depends. Perhaps the slender bonds which yet held together the empire of the west might have been then dissolved for ever, but for the opposite direction of popular opinion in that very nation which, only a century before, had successfully exerted its infant strength against the full plenitude of the imperial power. (See Tom. IV. p. 299.)

'This sentiment of right and of duty becomes particularly remarkable, when it applies itself to an elective sovereign, elected by a foreign people, and the nation which conceives itself to be bound to him is at the same time a free nation, and accustomed to republican ideas and manners. A public opinion so contrary to the natural passions of men, was the work of the learned, and above all of the civilians: The study of antiquity, which

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\* The Morgante of Pulci, and the Orlando Innamorato of Boyardo, both composed about the year 1480.

had been resumed with the most lively ardour in the thirteenth century, had not produced, as it seems might have been expected, a greater generosity of sentiment, more elevation of soul, or a more intimate love for liberty. Greece was little known, and of Rome many more imperial than republican monuments survived. All the Latin poets are soiled by the contemptible flatteries which they have lavished on the emperors; the historians, although more proud, and more independent, had nevertheless rendered homage to the Cæsars under whom they wrote; the philosophers had formed themselves only in the school of misfortune and tyranny; the writers of the Augustan age, full of the remembrance of recent liberty, had not, in the middle ages, been elevated by the judgment of criticism to a rank above all comparison with the rest of Latin literature. The learned men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, conceived Boetius, and Symmachus, and Cassiodorus, to be equally worthy, as models for imitation, with Livy and Cicero; and antiquity, which now conveys to us the ideas of an exalted freedom, was constantly associated in the imaginations of our ancestors with its state of servitude under the empire of the Cæsars.

‘But the civilians contributed, even more than the literati, towards subjecting the public opinion of the thirteenth century to the laws and manners of the imperial courts of Rome and Constantinople. Never had the study of jurisprudence been more universally cultivated; never had it led more directly and surely to the attainment of honour and riches. In studying the positive ordinances of Justinian, the lawyers had, by little and little, renounced the authority of their own understandings; they never inquired into the demands of justice, but only into the decrees of the emperors. We may see in the works of Bartolus and Baldus, the immense labour, and at the same time, the profound servility of the legists. Becoming bigotted in favour of the book which had cost them so much trouble, even on account of the trouble which it had cost them, they manifested for the code and the pandects a respect which bordered on adoration; and they contemplated in the laws of a foreign and almost extinguished monarchy, the only rule of public right, of the right of nations as well as of civil and criminal jurisprudence.’

That all the loftier powers of genius and imagination flourish and decay with the growth and declension of public liberty, is a doctrine so agreeable to the feelings of a free and generous people, that when we are told how poets and philosophers have been bred up to perfection in the courts and under the protection of arbitrary sovereigns, we are apt to consider it as unwelcome intelligence, which we have no power to refute, and which,

nevertheless, afflicts us by its discordance from a system established, as we fondly imagined, upon the most immutable basis. M. Sismondi has undertaken to reconcile the fact with the principle, at least in the history of Italian literature. But his reasoning is applicable, we believe, on a more extended scale,

‘In all times, in all countries, poets have measured their admiration for princes by the extensiveness of their munificence; and they have not been ashamed to eternize their contemptible adulation by their works, any more than to receive the salary of them. We ought not, therefore, to be astonished that, during this and the following century, the distinguished poets of Italy were almost always assembled together in the courts of princes; they were invited to them at a great expence, for sovereigns pay much better than republics for their luxury of the understanding. Nevertheless, poets could only be produced so long as the spirit of liberty animated, in some parts at least, the sacred land of Italy; so long as other men were agitating in the same language those questions which decide the happiness and glory of mankind. When the avenues of thought were closed against the Italians, their imagination was extinguished also. A master cannot make his election among the faculties of the human mind, and say to his subjects, “Cultivate your imagination, but not your understanding: I grant you poetry, but I interdict philosophy; I permit physics, but morals are forbidden; I leave you all the operative sciences, but beware how you touch upon the speculative.” All barriers must be removed from human intellect, or it must be abandoned to indolence and apathy. After the loss of liberty, one more generation may yet busy itself in seeking the shadow of glory in such exercises of the understanding as a despot still allows; a second generation after that may distinguish itself in the fine arts, which retain a symbol of thought, without expressing it in such a manner as to alarm the tyrant; but the embers of this sacred flame will never keep themselves alive for an entire century after liberty is no more; the grand end of existence is removed from the generations of men; there is no longer a motive for their efforts, there is no longer any glory, when it is the favour of a prince that dispenses it, and deals it out between his lacqueys and his poets.’ Vol. IV. p. 429.

After reading the above passage, we thought we had seen reason enough for the prohibition of M. Sismondi’s book, at Paris. Such language cannot be very agreeable either to Bonaparte or his learned institute.

But, however lasting and powerful we may admit the influence of learned men to have been towards the extinction of independent and republican principles among the

people, its effect upon the elevation of the imperial dignity was but transient; and its general consequences are more to be traced in the gradual submission of free states to the will of a powerful citizen or of the tyrant of an adjacent district, than in any actual augmentation of the power of the emperors in Italy. The names of Rodolph of Hapsburg, and of his son Albert, whose superior talents and energies found sufficient employment in the protection and enlargement of their German territories, were hardly heard of on the other side of the Alps. The first emperor of the house of Luxemburg, Henry the Seventh, was the only sovereign during the fourteenth century who was calculated both by virtue and ability, to avail himself of the literary enthusiasm of the age to its greatest extent; and, although the poorest prince in Europe, such was the influence which his great qualities obtained for him over the minds of the Italians, that, but for his premature death, he would probably have succeeded in uniting Italy by the most indissoluble bonds to the body of the Germanic empire. His son John, of Bohemia, though so ignorant that he did not know his letters, inherited the chivalrous valour and spirit of enterprize which distinguished his father; but his inconstancy rendered all his noble qualities inefficient, and besides he wanted the authority of the imperial title. Charles the Fourth sunk considerably lower in the moral scale.

Timid, selfish, and avaricious, he twice traversed Italy, more like a merchant than a monarch; and he twice submitted to indignities for which he afterwards sold his pardon, on the very fields where his ancestors had reaped a harvest of laurels. Yet so prevalent at that time was the habit of respect for the imperial title, that he experienced instances of the most remarkable attachment and loyalty from the very cities which he betrayed to satisfy his unworthy passions. Wenceslaus completed the descending climax of degeneracy; and at the end of the fourteenth century, notwithstanding the false lustre which for a time had been shed around their dignity, the power of the emperors was as much a nullity as it had been at the commencement.

The papal authority had dwindled almost to nothing within the same period. Boniface the Eighth, who filled the chair at the end of the preceding century, was one of the most ambitious and by no means the least able, of those pontiffs, who may be said to have swayed the destinies of christendom. But his pride outran even his ambition, and his violence of temper exceeded all the bounds of reason and policy. When Albert of Austria, having vanquished and slain his rival, Adolph of Nassau, as



sumed the dignity of king of the Romans, Boniface not only refused to acknowledge, and treated him as a traitor and a rebel; but, putting the crown on his own head, he seized a sword, and exclaimed, "It is I that am Cæsar, it is I that am emperor, it is I that will defend the rights of the empire." When, on the first Wednesday in Lent he was once performing that august and affecting ceremony of the Romish church, the scattering of ashes over the heads of the proudest nobles, to remind them of the nothing from which they sprung and to which they must return, Porchetto Spinola, archbishop of Genoa, drew near to him in his turn. Boniface threw the ashes with violence into his eyes, crying, "Gibelin! Remember that thou art dust; and, with the Gibelins, thy fellows, to dust thou shalt return!" Vol. IV. p. 127, 138.

Such was the 'Servant of the servants of God,' who, by reason of a private quarrel, excommunicated the whole of the powerful family of Colonna, and proceeded from thence to the scandalous indecency of publishing against them a crusade. The oppressed and exiled nobles fled to the court of Philip le Bel, who, although Boniface had been the most zealous fosterer and partizan of his family interests in Italy, had already begun to conceive some grounds of dissatisfaction and jealousy in his unbounded arrogance. These sparks of discord were soon afterwards blown into a flame by the unguarded incroachments of the Pope on the liberties of the Gallican church. Violence engendered violence; till at last Philip worked himself up to the resolution of taking 'such a revenge as no christian prince had yet dared to think of executing against the chief of christendom.' The state of Italy was favourable to his intrigues, and the banished Colonnas peculiarly instrumental to their success. Boniface was surprised at Anagni by a small French force, accompanied by the partizans of the outlawed family—his palace was given up to pillage, and Sciarra Colonna, with his Italians, forced themselves into his presence. It can hardly be doubted, says our author, that it was the intention of these men to massacre him;

\* but this old man, whom his great age of ninety-six years would alone have rendered venerable, and who had clad himself in his pontifical robes, and was on his knees praying before the altar, at the approach of his enemies, struck the assassins, in spite of themselves, with an insurmountable awe.

None dared to lift a hand against him. The plunder continued for three days, at the end of which the people of Anagni rose against the French, drove them out of the

APP. Vol. 22. L L

town, and liberated their prisoner, whom the indignities offered to him had already reduced to a state of desperate insanity. He returned to Rome, and threw himself on the protection of the Orsini, the hereditary enemies of the detested Colonnas. But here he soon found, or thought himself no less a prisoner than at Anagni. Making an ineffectual struggle to free himself from this new bondage, he was met by the two cardinals Orsini, who forced him to return to his apartment.

‘Here, the old man, mad with rage, was left alone with Giovanni Campano, one who had proved himself faithful when in his most desperate circumstances. This ancient servant exhorted him to support his afflictions with constancy, and trust to the consoler of the miserable to remedy them; but Boniface answered not a word; his eyes were haggard; his mouth was covered with foam; the gnashing of his teeth was audible; and he refused all manner of sustenance. His phrensy seemed to increase as the night drew on; and he never closed his eyes. At last, when he appeared quite exhausted by the excess of his sufferings, he gave orders to his domestics to leave him, and bolted his door. And when, after long waiting, the servants at last broke it open, they discovered him stretched on his bed, cold and stiff. The stick which he had in his hand was gnawed and covered with foam: and he appeared to have dashed his head violently against the wall, for his white hairs were defiled with his own blood. It is probable that he afterwards threw himself back on his bed and stifled himself by heaping the bed clothes over him.’ Tom. IV. p. 149.

In the *Inferno* of Dante the demons are prepared for the reception of this wretched pontiff, whose crime was the fraudulent and destructive measures which he pursued for the attainment of the papal dignity. But Hugh Capet, in the *Purgatorio*, reciting the crimes of his ambitious and lawless race, is made to dwell with strong expressions of indignation on the impious seizure of the vicar of Christ at Anagni. No event appears to have excited at the moment greater astonishment and horror than this. But as soon as those impressions wore off, the consequences were incalculably ruinous to that great power which had hitherto supported itself only on the opinion of mankind. The abject subserviency of Clement the Fifth to the king of France, and the consequent removal of the papal court to Avignon, completed the work of degradation; and, while the holy father and his cardinals abandoned themselves to all manner of sensual indulgences in a foreign country, the ecclesiastical states in Italy became the thea-

tre of continual revolutions, sometimes falling into a precarious and stormy independence, but more frequently yielding to some enterprising usurper more worthy of their homage than the indolent and effeminate authority which they renounced.

The history of Rome itself during this tempestuous period, affords very little gratification or improvement to posterity. The rise and fall of that most extraordinary personage, Nicholas, or Colas, de Rienzo affords almost a solitary exception to the remark, and that not so much in itself as in the illustration which it presents, of the manners and character of the age. Without any talents for government, without grandeur of mind, extended views, or personal courage, unsupported either by the advantages of birth or wealth, or the accidental purposes of a faction, this obscure demagogue attained the sovereignty of a city which had not yet forgotten its claims to universal empire, by means only of great natural eloquence, aided by a knowledge of ancient history and languages, and that ardent enthusiasm which universally accompanied the pursuit of learning at the era of its revival. Petrarch, who had received the laurel-crown at Rome, only seven years before, and whose reputation was now at its highest point throughout civilized Europe, contributed not a little to the advancement and success of his friend, whose project was precisely adapted to inflame an imagination always full of the impressions of ancient grandeur, produced by an exclusive study of the Latin authors, which made him believe

‘ That there were no sciences but those which they had cultivated, no other greatness than that of their nation. He had adopted all the prejudices of ancient Rome; to him she was still the mistress of the world, and every thing that was not Roman he deemed utterly barbarous.’

We shall not detain our readers with any particulars of this famous, but short-lived revolution, the history of which is well known; but, now we have mentioned Petrarch, shall present them with our author's general estimate both of his personal character and of that of his works; because, although it may be displeasing to some of the poet's admirers, and excite the surprise of others who have been accustomed to regard him through the flattering medium of historians and critics, who are usually more apt to copy from each other than to judge for them-

selves, we are to a great degree persuaded of its justice and truth.

\* Petrarch is, by his coronation, made an historical character: he was raised so high in the opinion of his own age, that we shall see him hereafter pronounce his oracles in politics as well as in literature, become the judge of popes and emperors, and acquire the often extravagant veneration even of those against whom he decides. The influence of so much glory on a vain and self-sufficient character is very remarkable: Petrarch, in his political career, never ceased to be a troubadour: all the tyrants of Italy, in flattering his self-love, obtained from him in return the tribute of the basest adulation. Some of them even engaged him in actions contrary to his principles and his duties, as a Florentine and a Guelph. The literary merit of Petrarch is not incapable of being attacked. Many critics have censured his poetry for its excessive refinement, its perpetual affectation, and false brilliancy; many have remarked in his Latin compositions, that a disgusting vanity pervades every page, and that amidst the author's eternal efforts to display himself to advantage, they know not where to look for his real sentiments and his real principles; many, moreover, have reproached him, above all things, with perverting the taste of his nation and turning his countrymen aside from the pursuit of the truly beautiful, to follow the meteors of false wit and affected politeness. Yet even these must confess that Petrarch possessed a genius which they are perhaps incapable of estimating; for no man can achieve the admiration of all his contemporaries, and transmit his name to the most distant nations, and from generation to generation of his posterity, unless he has compensated for such errors by a real grandeur worthy of acquiring glory so extensive and so durable.' Tom. V. p. 300.

Romania, and the other states of the church, were occupied, during almost the whole of the century, by an uninterrupted warfare between the papal legates and the petty sovereigns who erected themselves upon the ruins of the ecclesiastical power. In the course of these hostilities, the thing most worthy of remark is the perseverance with which they were pursued by the several successive pontiffs, notwithstanding the repetition of disgrace and disappointments that accompanied them.

\* The wars which they excited in Italy were eternal, because they could never be effectually vanquished, and could never take effectual measures to secure the victory. Other sovereigns seek peace after some overthrows, either because they tremble for the seat of their government itself, or that the loss of part of their states deprives them of the revenues necessary for the sup-

port of their armies. But the Pope, in carrying on war, drew his revenues from the whole of Christendom, and the discomfitures which he experienced furnished him with pretences for the imposition of new tenths or new contributions upon the clergy. The treasures which he gathered from all Europe were partly squandered by the prodigality of his court; his generals, left without money, lost all at once every advantage they had acquired. Even when they might have brought the war to a termination, they rekindled its flame on purpose that new subsidies from the clergy might furnish them with new opportunities for enriching themselves.' VIII. 14.

Some great and able characters are to be found among those who were entrusted from time to time with the command of the papal forces during this long and sanguinary contest. Two legates, Bertrand du Poyet, a Frenchman; and Giles d'Albernoz, a native of Arragon, at the distance of twenty-five years from each other, succeeded in reducing the whole patrimony of St. Peter under the dominion of their masters. But the conquests of these legates were soon lost 'by the incapacity of their successors, or the unseasonable avarice of their court;' and in like manner, whenever the spirit of liberty had experienced an hour of triumph, all its advantages were immediately sacrificed to the inconstancy of the people, or borne away from them by new usurpers.

The grand schism, which commenced in the year 1378, changed the nature of the war. One of the contending pontiffs then resided in Italy among his subjects, from whom his predecessors had always lived at a distance. But this situation was even prejudicial to his personal consequence and power: for, being compelled to limit his sphere of action, and deprived of the great pecuniary resources which were denied to the papal power from the rest of Europe, he was the prisoner of those whom he nominally governed; and if, at this period, the cities had been firmly united in a league for the recovery of their liberties, there is no doubt that they might easily have effected it, and annihilated the temporal authority of the successors of St. Peter. But, such was the condition and character of the people, all the advantages which they might have possessed themselves of were secured to their exclusion by a few powerful families; and, at the close of the fourteenth century, Boniface the Ninth was an insignificant puppet without power or consequence, nominally reigning over the church under the protection of the sovereign house of the Malatesti of Rimini.



The family which we have just mentioned was the only sovereign family (except that of Pollenta at Ravenna, which had been preserved by its want of ambition and talent), which, at the close of this century, survived the revolutions of Romania. Its possessions were never considerable in extent, nor very rich, nor very populous; but its reputation was exceedingly high, on account of the great number of men distinguished for their valour and for their rare talents, both in war and peace, to which it had given birth.

‘They did not, it is true, escape the contagion of falsehood and perfidy, the customary vices of petty tyrants, of which the public voice most particularly accused the inhabitants of Romania. But, if they resembled in some respects the other lords of Italy, they also possessed virtues far superior to theirs; they exalted their reputation above that of all the princes of their country, and they prepared themselves for becoming, in the ensuing century, the protectors of the arts and sciences.’

The crown of Naples presents a spectacle very similar to that of the papal power during the same period. At the opening of the fourteenth century, the house of Anjou was so distinguished for its riches, its talents, and its ambition, that it would have been natural to predict the subjugation of all Italy to its alarming power. At its close, the crown was still worn by the descendants of those princes; but

‘their sovereignty had no longer any weight in the political balance; it opposed no resistance to any invading enemy; and the most beautiful provinces of Europe were only an arena upon which all the ambitious and the adventurous disputed with each other the spoils of the people.’

The degeneracy of the rulers was the cause of this melancholy change in Naples, as well as in the German empire; and the descending scale of merit and talent, from Charles to Robert, and from him to the voluptuous Joan, his grand-daughter, resembles very closely that which we have already remarked between the princes of the imperial house of Luxembourg.

We shall not pursue this rapid sketch of events into the different states of Lombardy, before we have presented our readers with some reflections of the author, on the peculiar kind of interest which attaches itself to the history of a country split and divided into so many petty principalities, and agitated by so many comparatively

trifling and insignificant interests as Italy, during the period of which we are treating.

'When we fix our eyes for the first time on this portion of history, we are struck as if by the appearance of an ant's nest recently disturbed. All the individuals are animated by a constant and rapid movement; unknown passions agitate them; they press upon each other; they cross each other; they embarrass and fight one another; the eye cannot follow them or distinguish one from the rest of them. Nevertheless, the particular and detached history of every separate town in Italy fixes names upon each of these personages; reveals to us the secret of every individual character, and the motive which makes it act; develops generous passions, profound sentiments, and elevated projects, in every single groupe which our first glance had considered as so contemptible. The more we study it, the more we assure ourselves, that *in politics there is no relative greatness*, and that wherever liberty and power are the objects of contest, whether in a village, or in the empire of the world, the interests of men are always the same, that is to say, the most exalted and noble that the human heart is capable of admitting; talents are the same also; and the study of man is equally complete. This universal bustle, this vivacity of the passions, this individual importance, have made the history of Italy an inexhaustible source of instruction for the learned. Not a city but boasts at least three or four historians, often more; and each of these historians furnishes an interest so much the more powerful as he is more voluminous and writes more in detail. The collection of writers of the middle ages alone, that is, of those anterior to the sixteenth century, contains the historians of sixty-eight towns or regions. Many supplements have since been added to this collection, but they have not yet added to it the much more voluminous historians of the three last centuries. The historical bibliography of the pontifical state contains in one large quarto volume, the names only of the historians of sixty-one cities still existing in the states of the church, and of sixteen now destroyed.' Tom. IV. p. 210.

Our historian goes on to acquaint us, that what renders the history of Lombardy still more complicated and perplexing is, that at the beginning of the century most of the towns were not only governed by their peculiar lord or tyrant, (as, after the fashion of the Greeks, the Italians always called the citizen who acquired the supreme power over his fellows), but they had also an exiled pretender to the sovereignty who was constantly employed in working means to displace his rival, and, having succeeded, was liable to the same reverse, from the same cause, at any succeeding period.

‘What prevented these little states from enjoying the repose which a monarchical form of government seems to ensure, is that this form was not yet warranted either by express law or by public opinion. The chief of the state was as yet, in the eyes of all men, no more than the depositary of a power confided to him by the people for their own advantage; as soon as he abused it he was no longer seconded by any system of passive obedience which could shield him from the reproach of being an usurper and a tyrant; no hereditary right was recognized or even supposed to exist in the ruling family. It seems as if it would have been easy to establish the belief of such a right in a country where so many other prerogatives were hereditary; where nobility preserved, even in spite of the laws, so high an influence; where the hereditary transmission of fiefs had accustomed men to the hereditary obedience of vassals. It would doubtless have been happy if this belief had established itself; for when a people has lost without redress all chance of freedom, the repose of a regular monarchy is perhaps the only good that is still within its reach. But the petty monarchs of every town were themselves the cause of preventing any attribution of their power to hereditary right, because that right would have been in almost every instance made available against themselves. Those who had established themselves on a republican foundation, had done so to the prejudice of nobles more illustrious and more ancient than themselves; those who had succeeded to other lords, had rendered no account of their right to their predecessors, and found themselves interested in denying it. They called themselves therefore mandatories of the people; they never assumed the command of a town, not even after they had conquered it by their arms, without having it solemnly granted to them either by the elders or by the assembly of the people, according as the one or the other appeared to be the most tractable for one year, or for five years, or for life, with a fixed salary which they were enabled to raise out of the public revenue.’—*ib.* p. 212.

During the course of this century, however, the political aspect of Lombardy underwent a considerable change by the union of many cities and principalities under a few ruling families, whose talents and ambition rendered them superior to their neighbours. At the beginning of the period now under contemplation, Can Grande della Scala, the chief of a family which had governed the city of Verona ever since the death of the ferocious Eccelin, was summoned in consequence of his high reputation for military skill and valour to the command of the Ghibelin league. In a few years, Padua, Vicenza, and Treviso, were added to his hereditary dominions; and, dying in the

flower of his age, when in riches and power he already surpassed every other lord in Italy, he left his acquired territories to Mastino, his nephew, his equal in talents and courage, with ambition far greater, and a conscience much less scrupulous than his own. Well knowing how to avail himself of every favourable circumstance, this artful and enterprising man soon made enormous strides towards the supreme dominion of Italy. Brescia, Parma, Modena, and Lucca, were numbered among his conquests, and it is not probable that any thing would long have withheld the crown which appears to have been the ultimate object of his ambition from his vigorous grasp, if the Florentine republic had not nobly stepped forward in the cause of public liberty, and by the most indefatigable and disinterested exertions succeeded at length in combining against him a league so formidable as to crush all his projects, and repress his enormous power within the limits which it judged compatible with the common welfare. After his death, the fortunes of his house rapidly declined; though till the end of the century Verona still continued in subjection to a race of degenerate princes bearing the name of La Scala, but each endeavouring to exceed the last in corruption of manners and every species of crime and profligacy.

After the fall of the La Scala, the princes of another family aspired to the same tempting object, the empire of Italy, with still greater probability of success. These were the Visconti, whom we have already mentioned as having acquired the sole and uncontested dominion of Milan about the close of the preceding century. Several chiefs of this house rendered themselves not less odious by their crimes than the lords of Verona; 'but they preserved during a longer period all the talents and some of the virtues which aggrandize or which sustain a monarchy.' The three first successors of archbishop Otho, the founder of their dynasty, possessed the advantage (inestimable for princes) of an education in the school of adversity, which not only fitted them for great and glorious enterprize, but elevated and improved their moral characters. Azo Visconti, the third of these, is particularly distinguished in history, not only by the cheap and common praise of extending his hereditary dominions by his personal valour, but also for the nobler achievements of confirming and strengthening his authority by the arts of good government, and the exercise of all the princely virtues. He was cut short, however, in the middle of his career; and

his two uncles and successors 'did not deserve, like him, the love of their subjects, although they united the same valour to the same talents.' The attempts which were made by Lucchino, the elder of these two princes, upon the liberties of Bologna, appear to have first drawn the attention of the Florentines, the unwearied and ever watchful guardians of the cause of freedom, towards the vast designs of ambition which the family from this time began to unfold. This Lucchino was one of the princes of his time, who, by flattering the vanity of Petrarch made an easy purchase of that poet's loud and venal adulation; yet the prominent traits of his character were distrust, dissimulation, perfidy, and cruelty. He possessed great talents for war, and he was praised for his love of justice; but, as our author excellently well observes,

'We must take care not to confound the reverence of a just and virtuous man for fixed and immutable regulations, with the inflexibility of a despot, jealous of his authority, who preserves or vindicates the order of things which he himself has established.'

This is a distinction which should be more constantly kept in mind than we believe it is by the readers and writers of history both ancient and modern. Napoleon Buonaparte is precisely such another lover of justice as Lucchino Visconti.

The archbishop John Visconti, who survived his brother Lucchino five years, and died in 1354, pushed forward the scheme of conquest with additional vigour and constancy, and was perhaps nearer than any other potentate of the fourteenth century to the achievement of the splendid project. Genoa, Bologna, and almost the whole of Lombardy, submitted by degrees either to his arts or his arms; but

'he excited the distrust of his neighbours by his dissimulation and perfidy rather than by his conquests; and the very crimes by which he expected to mount to the summit of his ambition, arrested him in the midst of his victories, and raised an insurmountable barrier to his greatness.'

He was the last of his race that possessed any magnanimity of character; but his thirst of dominion survived to his latest descendants; and the house of Visconti never abandoned the projects of its first rulers, although for the attainment of them it substituted the weapons of intrigue and perfidy to those of force and courage. None



of them, after Azo Visconti, appear to have ever turned their attention towards the improvement and cultivation of their dominions or of the people committed to their care. On the contrary, their fruitful territories were exposed not only to the continual devastations of war and pillage, but to the merciless exactions of those who ought to have protected and fostered them; 'Commerce was ruined, manufactures were abandoned, agriculture itself was neglected,' and industry perished under the depressing influence of war and taxation. But notwithstanding the desolation of their provinces, the princes of the house of Visconti were enabled by their successful wars to keep their treasury well filled, and by an economical and even sordid administration of their own finances preserved an ascendancy in wealth which proved the most useful and effectual instrument of their greatness. During the time that the hereditary states were divided between Barnabo and Galeas, the successors of John Visconti, the want of union between those princes, as well as the extreme timidity of character and effeminacy of one of them, obstructed any considerable augmentation of their actual power. But, after John Galeas, the son of Galeas, had rendered himself master of the person and estates of his uncle, the times of the archbishop appeared to be renewed, and Italy was again exposed to the danger of total subjection, a danger from which it was again preserved only by the constancy and courage of the Florentines.

The character of this disturber of the peace of his country is drawn in a lively manner, and affords a just representation of the virtues and vices of a genuine Italian tyrant.

'John Galeas possessed a courage of enterprise which contrasted strangely with his personal effeminacy. The same man who never shewed himself at the head of an army, who concealed himself from all eyes within the fortified palace of Pavia, who surrounded himself with a triple guard of soldiers, and yet placed himself in a state of defence even against them in the security of his own apartment, as if he was sure of treason, this very man never hesitated an instant in forming his determinations; he was never disturbed by danger, nor discouraged by failure. Superior to all men by the depth of his policy, incapable of remorse for crime or of shame for perfidy, he exerted all his vast resources towards the subjection of Italy; and if he had been able to achieve that object, there seems reason to believe that he would have encountered few obstacles in the way of extending his dominion over all the surrounding nations.

But the liberties of Italy were once more saved from falling, because in the career of his ambition, John Galeas had to contend against the virtue, the courage, and the magnanimity of the Florentine republic, and against the implacable hatred of Francis de Carrara whom he had plundered.'—Tom. vii. p. 285.

In the year 1395, the emperor Wincellaus, in consideration of the sum of 100,000 florins, erected the dominions of John Galeas into a duchy; and it is singular enough that the cities comprised within the ample fief were the very same that, 200 years before, had formed by their union the celebrated league of Lombardy. The house of Visconti thus, for the first time, acquired an hereditary title to the dominions which it had so long enjoyed; but this acquisition, which John Galeas celebrated with all the splendour of a triumph, proved in the end the destruction of the sovereignty which it seemed calculated to confirm; since it gave birth to those fatal pretensions of the house of Orleans and of the emperor himself, which neither would have thought of advancing, nor could have sustained without it. But, notwithstanding the abject state of subjection to which the once free people of Lombardy were now reduced, we read in the history of the present century of occasional bursts of patriotism and public spirit, which form a striking and most welcome exception to the dry detail of conquest and tyranny. The most splendid of these instances is the insurrection of Pavia in the year 1357, at the exhortations and under the guidance of father Jacob de Bussolari, a name, however little known to the readers of general history, which deserves to be classed with those of Cato, Phocion, and Hampden.

We shall now cast a hasty glance over the history of the republics of Venice and Genoa during the 14th century, and must leave to another opportunity the observations which we shall have to make on the far more illustrious and interesting annals of Florence, as well as on the general character and manners of the age.

When the emperor Henry the Seventh received the iron crown during his progress through Lombardy in the year 1311,

'All the deputies of the Italian states,' says the Bishop of Burtinto in his *Iter Italicum*, 'took the oath of fealty except the Genoese and Venetians; and these, in order to excuse themselves from swearing, said a great many things which I do not recollect, except that they were the very quintessence of re-

finement, alleging that they belonged neither to the church nor to the empire, neither to the sea nor to the land; and, therefore, they refused to swear.

In this simple and unvarnished tale of a cotemporary historian, we discover the principles of that selfish commercial vanity, which, at this early period, actuated the two maritime powers of Italy, and which continued to distinguish the career of one of them long after the other had sunk into a state of comparative insignificance and absolute subjection.

Our author does little more than enlarge upon the good bishop's words, when he says sometime afterwards,

‘Amidst the whirlwind of Italian politics, the republic of Venice remained always a stranger to the events which were taking place on every side around her; insulated by her lagunes, she seemed hardly to belong to Italy; she took no part in the violent factions of the Guelphs and Gibelins, which bathed the whole country in blood, even to the coasts of those very lagunes which separated her from it. She had marked her respect for the imperial power by sending a solemn deputation to Henry VII.: but she had at the same time boldly protested her independence; and she had partaken neither in the conquests nor in the reverses of that emperor.—Tom. IV. p. 349.

In 1336, when the generous and public spirited government of Florence was moving heaven and earth for the purpose of exciting an effectual opposition to the progress of Mastino della Scala, its eyes were turned towards Venice as the only power in Italy which elevated itself above the little party interests of the day, and might therefore be induced to concur in a plan for the preservation of the general freedom. But, notwithstanding the proud and absolute independence of this extraordinary state, it was considered as attached in principle to the imperial party, and the jealousies of commerce had already in more than one instance interfered to strengthen its dislike of the popular interests which Florence had constantly supported. At length, however, the unwary ambition of la Scala, by infringing the privileges of some towns in the Marca Trevisana which were connected by ties of humble alliance to the queen of the Adriatic, effected the purpose which the eloquence and ability of the Florentine deputies might else have failed to accomplish, and the republic of Venice concluded in the year 1336 with that of Florence the first public treaty by which she was ever engaged to take an active part in the affairs of

the Continent. Although the war in which she was thus embarked proved the salvation of those liberties, for the sake of which it was undertaken, yet, throughout the whole course of it, Venice, by pursuing her own individual objects, presented a striking contrast to the magnanimity of her principal ally; and she at length concluded, in pursuance of the same selfish line of conduct, a separate peace with the enemy which Florence was compelled by the disorganized state of her finances subsequently to adopt, under circumstances altogether disadvantageous to her own interest. By this peace, which was signed on the 18th of December, 1338, Treviso with its fertile territory was ceded to the Venetians, who thus laid the foundations of their afterwards extensive dominion on the Terra Firma; and some other important possessions of the La Scala family were annexed to those of the house of Carrara, which was thus exalted to a power of some consequence in the balance of the north of Italy.

The circumstances under which Marsilius de Carrara had, in the preceding year recovered Padua, the seat of his old family power, from the falling house of La Scala, deserves notice as a curious instance of those sudden revolutions then so frequent in all the Italian states.

Albert de la Scala, the elder brother of Mastino, possessed an equal share of authority over the whole of their hereditary states; but he was altogether deficient in the talents and courage of his enterprising partner. He resided at Padua, wholly given up to the pursuit of pleasure, while his enemies from without were anxiously watching the opportunities of surprise.

‘Marsilius and Hubertino de Carrara, the ancient lords of Padua, and chiefs of the Guelph party, were his only advisers. Yet, in the drunkenness of absolute power, he had violated the wife of Hubertino; but, having himself forgotten that outrage, he fancied that the offended party had forgotten it also. Hubertino never suffered a complaint to escape him, nor gave the least token of his secret anger; but he had added to the Moor's head which formed the crest of his helmet, two golden horns, in remembrance of his disgrace and of the revenge which he meditated.

‘Mastino was far from placing so implicit a confidence in the lords of Carrara, he wrote to his brother often to watch over them, to arrest them, and even to put them to death. Albert shewed all these letters to the Carraras; and they, who had been engaged in a treaty with the doge of Venice for several months, endeavoured to reanimate the zeal of their partizans

within the town, while they negotiated with the Venetian general without. Mastino discovered all these intrigues, and he wrote to his brother to seize the two Carraras without delay, and put them to death. Albert was playing at chess when the messenger was introduced, who had orders to deliver the letter to none but himself. He took that letter, and, without opening it, put it into the hands of Marsilius who stood beside him. Marsilius read the warrant for his execution without shewing any signs of confusion on his countenance. "Your brother," he said, "begs you to send him without loss of time a pilgrim falcon for the chase." At the same time he told Hubertino to prepare for that very night, while he himself had Albert constantly in sight in order to keep away from him all other advisers.

In the middle of the night, the Guelphs who were a guard at the gate of Ponte Corvo, opened it to Peter de Rossi, who entered Padua at the head of his cavalry. The partizans of the Carraras had assembled in silence round the public palace; at the same moment they surprised the guards whom they disarmed, and seized Albert de la Scala in his apartment. That prince was immediately led away to the prisons of Venice. Nicoletto, his buffoon, demanded to be made partaker of the fate of his master, and alone accompanied him to that melancholy abode; a deep sentiment of attachment thus discovering itself in one who had made a trade of foolish merriment, and sought his own independence in the laughter of others. —Tom. V. p. 261.

Such were the *accidents* to which the best established dynasties of Lombardy and Romania during the 14th century were daily and hourly subject; with this exception, that it rarely happened to men to witness so much moderation in the hour of revolution. Assassination was usually either the forerunner or the concomitant of every political change.

It is hardly possible for the intelligent historian to avoid drawing comparisons between the important events which are now passing every day under our notice throughout the world, and those of former times which it is his province to record. Our author has never made any *immediate* allusions to modern politics which can either flatter the passions or excite the indignation of the great ruler of the continent; but the spirit of freedom which he constantly breathes, leaves us no room to doubt of his actual sentiments; and many passages occur in which we can hardly help imagining that something more is meant than meets the ear. The following observations seem to be written in the language of an Englishman contrasting the



tyranny of Napoleon and the servility of the nations subjected to his yoke with the proud independence of this naval and commercial country.

'The continent of Italy defended itself with difficulty against the overwhelming power of the Visconti. This race of tyrants was usually designated by the name of the serpent which formed her armorial device. She employed alternately the weapons of stratagem and violence, of perfidy and surprize, to destroy the liberty of her neighbours; and the *Adder* of the Visconti swallowed up the weaker states and cast out its venom over the stronger to prepare them for becoming in their turn its prey. But the sea still remained the sanctuary of liberty; two Italian republics divided the empire of it, and suffered not the rivalry of any despotic sovereign upon the ocean. It is not easy to subjugate men whose country is upon the waves, and who, on quitting the shore, cast away the yoke which is vainly attempted to be imposed upon them; men whom neither force nor interest attach to the soil, and who hold to it by no other ties than those of natural affection. The liberty of Genoa was more tempestuous, that of Venice more calm and firm; but the citizens of each possessed equally that energy, those generous passions, which preserve to a people its independence and its glory, which secure to individuals success in all their endeavours, and adapt them for shining in arms, for immortalizing themselves by letters, or for acquiring riches by commerce and navigation." VI. p. 87.

About the year 1350, these two republics, which had been long fostering the seeds of mutual jealousy in their bosoms, burst out into open hostilities: and the world then saw with astonishment two Italian Cities bent upon each other's destruction and pursuing their favourite object with the most determined and sanguinary violence, by a naval warfare which was carried on at once in all the seas of Europe from the Euxine to the Gulph of Lyons. By the alliance of the Greeks and Catalans, and still more by the powerful cooperation of Lewis, King of Hungary, on the side of Dalmatia, the Genoese acquired a dearly bought superiority in this doubtful contest. A peace was concluded greatly to the disadvantage of Venice; but a few succeeding years of repose operated a total revolution in the aspect of the two contending powers. Genoa, terrified by the influence of the Visconti had, during that period, tamely resigned her independence, while her rival, by a prudent course of internal economy, had improved her power and resources to a height unknown at any former period.

Francis de Carrara, Lord of Padua, the descendant of

Marsilius, had, in consequence of some disputes with the republic, which occurred about the year 1356, been converted from a friend and ally to a most implacable enemy, and when, in 1380, the Genoese fleet blockaded that of their rivals within the Canal of Chiozza (a period of the greatest distress and calamity to which the republic had ever been reduced), this prince commanded the forces which acted by land in co-operation with the blockading squadron. No sooner, therefore, had Venice sufficiently recovered from her state of embarrassment and depression to cast her eyes once more around her, than the Lords of Padua very naturally became the objects of her fiercest resentment and her most immediate thoughts of vengeance. Too prudent, however, to engage in a fresh war as principals, they contrived to excite the ambition of Antony della Scala, the then Lord of Verona, against his neighbour and rival, and to commence a war, the success of which was at least doubtful till John Galeas Visconti, ever on the watch for opportunities of aggrandizement, embraced the party of Carrara, assisted him to drive his enemy out of all his possessions, and then (in direct violation of the treaty between them), claimed the possession of Verona solely and exclusively for himself. This conduct laid the seeds (as he probably intended it should), of a new quarrel between the late allies, and then, as if the power of Visconti had not already been much more than an equal match for that of the Lord of Padua, the republic of Venice, in an evil hour, swayed by the thoughts of vengeance and aggrandizement more than by true policy or public virtue, concluded a league with the mortal enemy of the liberties of Italy, for the purpose of stripping the Carraras of their dominion. Hoping to disarm those whom he considered rather as his personal enemies than those of his family by a timely retreat, the old Carrara resigned his sovereignty of Padua in favour of his son, who is named by the Italian historians, Francesco Novello di Carrara, and retired to Treviso, which he still retained in his possession. But the measure was fruitless. The people of Padua, either from inconstancy or terror, refused to obey the young and gallant master to whom their fortunes were now committed, and Francesco Novello found himself compelled to admit Visconti's general into possession of his capital on the 23d of November, 1388. From that period, he experienced a series of treachery and perfidy from the tyrant of Lombardy (unexampled almost in the history of mankind till the usurpation of Spain by Buonaparte), all

which he suffered with magnanimity and forbearance, constantly looking forward to the changes of fortune which time might bring forth for his relief. At length an opportunity for escape occurred, of which he availed himself, and after experiencing a train of adventures which would form a most admirable subject for romance or for the drama, arrived at Florence and engaged that generous nation, always prompt to succour the valiant in distress, to undertake his cause. A league was then determined to be formed to check the alarming power of Visconti, and a year now was spent by Carrara in wandering almost alone and under circumstances of the greatest danger, from court to court, both within and without the limits of Italy, for the accomplishment of this purpose. At length, on the 19th of June, 1390, he entered his native city by surprize, with only twelve followers. The people, tired of the tyranny of Visconti, crowded to his standard, fortune favoured his bold undertaking, and, in a few days, being seconded by the armies of the league which now declared itself, he found himself firmly seated again upon the throne of his ancestors.

These successes against Visconti were, however, only temporary and partial, his intrigues were constantly operating, and year after year witnessed some new and alarming advance towards the absolute dominion of Italy, a point which Venice, seeing her error too late, would in all probability have endeavoured in vain to prevent him from reaching; if death had not cut him short in the flower of his age and in the middle of his ambitious projects. However ungenerous her conduct was, and however unwise her policy might eventually have been, it is certain, that this fortunate event having happened just at the time it did, the course which Venice pursued was actually the most advantageous both for herself and for the rest of Italy that she could have adopted, since she raised herself by means of her temporary cooperation, to the rank of a powerful rival, and by husbanding her resources, instead of dissipating them in a contest with John Galeas, rendered herself capable of becoming the bulwark of the public liberties during the succeeding century. The events of that century it is not our intention to enter upon till we shall have been favoured with the concluding volumes of this now unfinished history; but we cannot help noticing in this place the unfortunate, and (as it appears), unmerited end of Carrara and of his whole dynasty, which was ultimately sacrificed to the jealousy and ambition of Venice in the

year 1405. From that time Padua, and her rich and extensive territory, became an important part of the dominions of the republic on terra firma.

Venice surpassed in power the most considerable states of Italy, if, at least, power can be acquired by crimes, and if, even in the view of worldly policy, the hatred and distrust which are excited by perfidy do not overbalance all the advantages of the conquests which it achieves. After Venice had established her dominion over the terra firma, she neglected her transmarine provinces, her commerce, and her naval system, the real foundations of her greatness, to embark in the politics of the continent: she took a part in all the wars and all the revolutions of Europe, and she drew upon herself that jealousy, that profound and universal hatred, which, after an entire century of intrigues and contests, burst out at last in the league of Cambray. Tom viii. p. 134.

(To be continued.)

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ART. IX.—*Histoire des Bohémiens, ou Tableau des Mœurs, &c. &c.*

*History of the Gypsies, or Picture of the Manners, Usages, and Customs of this roving People, with Historical Researches on their Origin, their Language, and their first Appearance in Europe. By H. M. G. Grellman. Translated from the Second Edition of the German Original, by M. I. Paris: Chaumerot, 1816, 8vo. London, Dulau, 12s.*

AS we have an English translation of this work, we shall be very brief in our notice of the present French version. The *Bohemians*, or *Gypsies*, like the *Jews*, present rather an extraordinary phenomenon in the state of social life. They live dispersed in the civilized nations of Europe, without adopting their laws, their manners, or their religion, or having any settled residence. For about four centuries they have been passing like vagabonds over the face of the earth, without any physical or moral change being perceptibly effected in them by the progress of time or the variations of climate. The glowing heat of Africa does not render them more black, nor does the mild temperature of Europe blanch their tawny skins. Their idle habits are not increased by living among the indolent Spaniards, nor their industry excited by the example of the laborious Germans. They behold with equal indifference

the homage which is paid to Mahomet among the Turks, and to Jesus Christ among the Christians.

Like the Jews, the Gypsies have been frequently persecuted, and various attempts have been made at different times to exterminate them from the different countries in Europe. An edict for their extermination was published in Spain in 1492; but they took refuge in the woods and mountains, and afterwards re-appeared in greater numbers than before. Charles the Fifth persecuted them anew, and Philip II. followed his example; but like Antaus, they have risen with fresh vigour from the blow which was intended for their destruction. Grellman thinks that the Gypsies were originally Hindoos of the Sudra cast.

ART. X.—*Voyage en Espagne, &c.*

*The Travels in Spain of the Chevalier Saint Gervais, a French Officer, and the various Events of his Journey. By M. de Lantier, formerly Chevalier de S. Louis. 2 Toms. 8vo: Paris, 1809; London, Dulau.*

THOSE who are acquainted with the name of M. de Lantier, will not be deceived by the title of this work into a belief that they are about to read the journal of a real traveller or the observations of an eye witness on the present state of a country which is now more interesting on every account to the inquiring mind than any other in the habitable world. The ‘*Voyages d’Antenor en Grèce et en Asie*,’ and the ‘*Voyageurs en Suisse*,’ have already made their author pretty extensively known as an agreeable writer of that amphibious class in literature, which occupies itself in blending fiction with reality, and makes itself of considerable utility in society by cheating those into something like instruction and science, who would otherwise never open any book more abstruse or improving than a novel or a fairy-tale.

M. de S. Gervais, the fictitious traveller, is represented as a young Protestant officer in the French army, of good family, an amiable disposition, a tolerably inquisitive mind, and as much information as any person need possess in order to entitle himself to the character of a gentleman, who, at the age of seven-and-twenty, and in the autumn of the year 1766, sets off from Perpignan on horseback, for Cordova, on a matrimonial speculation, and after traversing the south western and southern coasts of the



Peninsula, and losing the mistress whom he went to seek, settles at last for life in Valencia with one whom he finds by accident and makes his wife.

We can say nothing more strongly in recommendation of the work and of its author than that, although the subject is Spain, and the book printed at Paris in the year 1809, not a syllable occurs, either in text, notes, or preface, that can be construed into a compliment to Buonaparte or even into a tacit allusion, to the recent revolutions of the Peninsula. Independently of M. de Chevalier's own private history and that of his several successive amours with Mesdemoiselles Adelaïde and Cecile, and the Donas Seraphina and Rosalia, it consists of little more than a repetition of anecdotes from the Countess d'Aûnois and others, and a description of scenery, manners, and ceremonies, collected from the most approved authorities, and arranged in a lively and entertaining manner. From this sketch of its contents, our readers will be satisfied that the book before us demands neither an analysis nor a dissertation. A few extracts will convey to them more amusement as well as a better idea of its merits, than either the one or the other.

M. de Saint Gervais is neither a botanist nor a mineralogist, nor a conchologist, nor an ornithologist, nor a geologist, nor a dendrologist; and yet he has quite as much fondness for the study of natural history as most young officers of twenty-seven, whether French or English, conceiving (and we cannot pronounce him to be in the wrong), that the most beautiful objects in the creation are the most worthy of particular and minute attention. Accordingly the complexion, disposition, and habits of the Spanish ladies form no inconsiderable part of the learned speculations which this book contains, and, if we are to believe this tender and amorous chevalier, there is no country in the world worth making love in, Spain excepted. A great deal of what he remarks upon this head has been remarked by the Countess d'Aûnois before him, and it must be admitted that a great deal has also been confirmed by those who have come after both.

‘Nothing is so seductive as a beautiful Espagnole: a French woman is more amiable, more lively: but she wants those large black eyes, so expressive, so voluptuous; that animated countenance in which love, tenderness, and melancholy, breathe together. In France, the altar of coquetry and vanity stands by the side of that of love. An *Amante Française* never renounces her ornaments, her pleasures, nor her conquests. A Spanish

lady has no other object than love, no ornament except her tenderness, no pleasure but that of loving, in short, no god besides her lover.' Tom. I. p. 73.

All this is very brilliant, no doubt; but in the holdness of his antithesis, M. de S. G. appears to have a little forgotten himself, since, in many other passages, he fully demonstrates that religion holds at least a divided empire over the breast of the most melting fair one in all the Spanish dominions. The following portrait of a young Spanish beauty seems to be drawn with more truth and accuracy, though not with less warmth of colouring.

'If I wished to paint the personification of voluptuousness, I would give it large black eyes full of fire, with long lashes to soften their brilliancy; an expressive and animated physiognomy; fine black hair floating in disorder over the shoulders or tied up in a net; its form should be tall, slender, and flexible; it should have the lightness of a bird, a charming foot, a voice tender and melodious. Such would be the picture of my imagination, or rather such was Seraphina. Seraphina loved dancing, the passion of voluptuous minds; and dress, the passion of vanity and coquetry her daughter. Her fingers were always loaded with rings. As to the qualities of her understanding, she had parts, as the English would say, that is, finesse, penetration, sentiments more striking than just, the fruit of an active, but ill cultivated imagination. The education of the women is yet more neglected in Spain than that of the men; nature is prodigal of her bounties to them, but art seldom seconds nature. The reading of young girls is confined to the lives of the saints, Don Quixote, and a few comedies. Mothers wholly taken up with pleasures and intrigues, confide their daughters to the care of *Femmes de Chambre* or *Duennas*; but their wit and vivacity cover the darkness of their ignorance, and, at least, we do not meet among this people as in France with women who read in air (*qui lisent par air*), who talk on subjects of which they know little or nothing, who have the mania of passing sentence on books as Dandin gave judgment in causes, and whose learned discourses fatigue the well-informed, and tire the ignorant. Seraphina, without pretension, like all her countrywomen, pleased by a lively natural understanding, she possessed a sensibility so soft and touching when she loved, that she must have penetrated the coldest heart with passion: she was rather superstitious than really pious. A Spanish woman is inspired from her earliest infancy with a mystical enthusiasm, a tender veneration for the Madonna and for monks. Love and devotion become the occupation of her whole life. Miracles never startled Seraphina; but she would have been a good deal startled to be

told that love was forbidden. This, she would say, was to exact an impossibility.' I. 117.

An English *Milord*, who is of course a free-thinker and a man of sense, though somewhat bizarre, falls in his way at Seville, and entertains him with a lively description of Portuguese manners, which are represented, on the subject we are now treating of, to be very similar to those of Spain. The following is his account of an intrigue with a lady at Lisbon.

'Eight days after my arrival, I made the conquest of a fine widow. My capacity of heretick, (for she called me her dear heretick), disturbed her not a little. I told her one day that I would turn Papist, or even Mahometan, for her, and that she had actually converted me into an idolater. At last, in spite of Santiago, and San Joseph, of whom she was incessantly talking to me, I succeeded in getting the god of love on my side; after her defeat, she assured me that she loved, only in the hope of converting, me. We were just beginning Lent. She asked me if I kept fast? Yes, I said, as long as they give me good fish to eat. At these words, she was silent, only heaving deep sighs. What is the matter with you, Senora? said I. I am mortally afflicted, I love you, and see with pain that you will be damned.\* \* \* The last eight days of Lent she forbad me her presence. She passed that whole week in prayers, in the churches, in the confessional, and in fasting. She followed every procession, kissed every relic, and every Madonna, and at last fell into the performance of such extravagant and superstitious ceremonies, that I believed she was no Christian. My devotee wore on her breast a little ivory virgin, just as your Louis the Eleventh carried a leaden one in his hat. She either laid it aside, or hid it from view, whenever she abandoned herself to pleasure. At last, as her conscience reproached her incessantly with her fondness for a heretick, she changed me for a young Carmelite, with whom she might enjoy the pleasures of this world without risking her salvation in the next.' II. p. 223.

Some of this author's little sketches of character are admirable, for instance, that of a converted Jew, whom fear of the inquisition had made a Christian, and who talks of miracles and processions, and fasts and monks, and abbesses, with all the levity of an Encyclopédiste, but betrays all the tenderness of a true Hebrew the moment you touch upon the Talmud and the Temple of David.

'This merchant, who had changed his name from Jacob to Dominick, had understanding and even philosophy, except upon

the score of his old religion. Touch that, and the philosopher vanished and shewed the ears of a Jew. This was his corner of folly, of which all men, even the wisest of us, have a certain dose either more or less strong, by which alone their inconsistencies and prejudices can be explained.'

This is a very excellent idea, and may serve to reconcile many extraordinary phenomena in the human character.

At Cordova, our traveller had the misfortune of being overturned in a coach, in company with Don Pacheco y Nunès y Garcia de Lasso, Count of Montijo, although the unlucky vehicle had had the honour of carrying the holy Eucharist only an hour or two before. The good people of the town were persuaded that this was an event altogether impossible in the common course of nature, and M. S. Gervais plainly perceived that he was himself considered as the cause of the miracle, on account of the indifference and scepticism of the French nation, above all, of its army. They did not suspect that he was in good sooth a graceless protestant; but 'a handsome lady asked him if he was not a Jansenist?' 'No, answered I, I am a captain of infantry.' Recounting this circumstance shortly afterwards to Milord Anglois, the latter very philosophically observes, that

'the people of London are not infected with this religious malady; they are gloomy, debauched, and sometimes ferocious, which I attribute to the defects of our climate, and above all, to the avarice engendered by commerce.'

We can excuse M. de Lantier's ignorance, but Milord Dorset must surely have strangely forgotten himself and his country women. We know several ladies, aye, and handsome ones too, who, whatever they might say, would not hesitate to *think* on a similar occasion, "Is not this man a Socinian?"

There is not only this instance, but several, which convince us that, unless M. de Lantier has had better sources of information for his portraiture of the Spanish, than for his sketches of the English character, his work must be extremely inaccurate indeed. For example, when on the prospect of the charming plains of Andalusia, he makes his Milord exclaim, '*Quel dommage que ce pays ne soit pas habité par des Anglais!*' This is a sentiment by no means likely to occur to an English traveller, who is in general well enough satisfied with his own country not to covet what he sees elsewhere, but it is precisely that which

is ever present to a Frenchman when abroad, and which presides over all his thoughts, words, and actions. Henry the Fourth's favourite scheme for the balance of Europe, and Buonaparte's amiable domestic project of a western family, are but the effusions of this *patriotic* sentiment on a grand scale, while there is not a hind or mechanic so mean and vulgar in their whole dominions, but he fully enters into the meaning of the expression, and adopts it as his own.

Our readers may smile at the following transcript of a play-bill affixed to the walls in Valencia:

'To the Empress of Heaven, Mother of the Eternal Word, Polar Star of Spain, Consolation, Faithful Sentinel, and Bulwark of all good Spaniards, the most holy Mary; for her benefit, and for the increase of her Worship, the Comedians of this City will this evening present the Heroical Comedy of "The Moorish Kings at War with Spain." Tom. I. p. 280.

One evening, as our traveller was sitting in his hotel at Seville,

'—— a monk entered our apartment, who, after saluting us with an *Ave Maria purissima*, presented us with a little Jesus hid under his gown, telling us that he would come for it again the next day. We wished to return it to him, but he was already at a distance. The dress of this little Jesus was very odd; he wore a marine uniform, and a little perruke well powdered, to which a purse, by way of bag, was suspended behind. We laughed at this little Jesus made a marine officer: Don Manuel pretended that it was the grand admiral of Spain come to pay us a visit; but our landlord explained the riddle to us. They have left you this little Jesus, he said, in order that you may put handsome alms into the bag, and the convent will pray for your souls.' II. 155.

The Don Manuel here mentioned is a cavalier, a poet, and bel esprit, whom our traveller meets in the prison of Valencia, and who accompanies him on the remainder of his journey. His character is evidently meant to be the grand support of the piece; but though it is sometimes amusing and clever, the reader will be very much tired at last of being so often commanded to laugh, and be tempted to wish Don Manuel and his buffooneries, but above all his sonnets and canzonets (which are pretty liberally interspersed) at the devil. However, there seems to be no kind of reason for the dull tragedy with which the author has thought proper to close the farce of this imaginary existence.



Our traveller laughs unmercifully, and sometimes a little profanely, at the superstitions of the Spaniards; but he now and then condescends to talk gravely, and there is not a more liberal nor a more sensible passage in the work than a conversation which occurs in the second volume between an accomplished Dominican Friar, and M. le Chevalier, in which the former undertakes the defence of the religious system established in the Spanish dominions. Upon this, however, our limits forbid us to enter.

The following account of an execution at Seville is very striking, and, though the mode of it may not be in every respect worthy of imitation, yet it is an object very well worthy the attention of the legislature (now that it has at last taken the revision of the criminal laws seriously into consideration) to adopt some measures for rendering more effectual towards the only legitimate ends of human punishment, that melancholy office which is now conducted with a careless and habitual indifference, truly disgraceful to the character of the age.

‘ We met in the street a sort of procession which excited our curiosity. A cross-bearer, preceded by six priests in surplices with waxen tapers, led the way; followed by two files of men wrapped in dark coloured mantles. Then came a man dressed in the same costume, mounted upon an ass, between two priests; two other personages, similarly equipped, bore each of them a silver dish, and, addressing themselves to the passers-by, and to the people who were looking out of the windows, demanded, in a lamentable voice, *Por el alma del pobre* (for the poor man’s soul.) I asked my neighbour what this ceremony meant, and was answered that the man on the ass was a criminal being led to the gallows; and the produce of the alms-giving was designed to be laid out in masses for his soul. The priests on each side were confessors, exhorting and preparing him for death: and the men in dark coloured robes were penitents of the congregation *della Paz*. These were instituted especially for the consolation of condemned criminals. As soon as the tribunal of justice has issued the warrant for execution, the sufferer is conducted, twenty-four hours before his death, into the chapel of the gaol: there the fraternity treat him as a brother, give him the habit of the penitents in which he is to undergo his sentence; and serve him with a good supper on silver plate. The next day they give him whatever he desires for dinner, and the congregation discharges all his debts. After dinner, they go to fetch him, and they accompany him in procession to the place of execution. We followed the crowd till we got near the platform. After the execution, both men and women thronged in to kiss the feet of the hanging man. This

act of piety, they told us, would procure for them an indulgence of twenty-four days. At last, the penitents carried back the corpse in a shroud, and went to perform over it a splendid burial service. When the procession had filed off, one of the confessors ascended the scaffold, and, addressing a pathetic discourse to the audience, who were pressing round him, told them with a great deal of eloquence, how robbery is a crime which leads to the gallows, and how very disagreeable it is to be hanged. Tom. II. p. 197.

Now, we do not see the necessity of a service of plate, a sumptuous dinner, or a magnificent burial service for poor wretches in the situation of this unfortunate criminal; and yet, abating these and a few more overstrained and preposterous circumstances, we can imagine the effect of all this parade and ceremony, and this ostentation of tenderness and compassion, to be infinitely more impressive and lasting than that of an English execution, which of all modes of capital punishment appears to be the worst calculated to answer the purposes of justice. These dreadful acts ought not only to be much less frequent but much more solemn than they now are or have ever yet been among us.

Twice in the course of these travels, has M. le Chevalier de S. Gervais the misfortune to view the inside of a Spanish prison, not as a visitor, but a resident. The first of these occasions happens at Barcelona, where he falls into the clutches of the inquisition, on account of an irreverent joke, having answered a mendicant friar who asks him for money to light the holy Virgin Mary, that her holiness had no need of a candle; she had only to go to bed betimes. The second is at Valencia, where an ugly but amorous young lady having taken a fancy to him, and imposed upon his want of caution to exchange rings, in the way of common gallantry, takes advantage of the rules of the church to consider the transaction in the light of a contract of marriage, and has him clapped up in gaol till such time as he may think proper to comply with her demand of performance. How he gets out of the scrape we must leave to the imagination of our readers, unless we have raised in any of them curiosity enough to seek satisfaction in the book itself, where they will find, though nothing very new or very profound, enough to amuse a few idle hours not altogether unprofitably. We had selected as worthy of notice, a well drawn character of Don Pacheco, the examination of the Chevalier before the inquisition, his visits to the theatre at Valencia, to the *Refesta* of the Duquesa de

Silva, and the public *accouchement* of another noble lady, the descriptions of several religious ceremonies, and of the famous national dances of the fandango and volero; but by entering on these and other equally inviting topics, we should be lengthening much too considerably our review of a work which has little, if any pretension to notice on the ground of originality.

M. de Lantier sometimes quotes Latin most vilely; as, for example,

‘Amare et sapere vix a Deo conceditur.’ II. p. 317.

And he sometimes treats us with very novel information, as that there are a great many roads and hills in England which bear the name of Shakspeare, and that Garcilasso de la Vega was the author of the history of *Mexico*.

#### ART. XI. *Idiotismes, &c.*

*Idioms of the Greek Language, preceded and followed by Observations addressed to M. Herman. By J. B. Gail, Imperial Lecturer and Professor. Paris. 8vo. Chev. Le Norman. pp. 442.*

THE idioms of languages, but particularly those of the Greek, have been usually regarded as the chief sources of the difficulties in the way of their attainment. It is impossible, indeed, unless our idiomatical knowledge is extensive, completely to understand an author, and to enter into all the delicacies of his style or ideas. In publishing the present work, therefore, M. Gail has done an important service to scholars, who have long wanted such a book. The learned author has availed himself of the Latin treatise of Viger, with the notes of Hoogeveen and Zeun, his commentators; but more particularly of those of M. Herman, who edited and considerably enlarged the last edition of Viger. In several places M. Gail adds his own observations, and he has corrected or explained several passages in Greek authors, particularly in Thucydides and Xenophon, which have long baffled the scrutinies of the learned.

Among the original articles in M. Gail's work, the learned will peruse, with much gratification, the remarks addressed to M. Herman upon the theory of the optative mode. The general doctrine advanced by M. Gail respecting this form of the Greek verb, has been published at different periods in the continental journals, and seve-

ral anonymous controversialists have attacked his principia. He has now entrenched them, however, within new argumentative bulwarks, and boldly challenges his antagonists to another onset.

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ART. XII.—*Fabulas Literarias por Don Tomas de Yriarte nueva Edicion corregida por Don Agustin Louis Josse. Dulau, 12mo. 1809.*

THIS is an ingenious work, by an author distinguished for the number and variety of his compositions, among which may be reckoned several comedies, a history of Spain, a didactic poem, and a translation of the *Æneid*. The fables are intended to ridicule those faults which are more remarkable in the style of the Spanish writers; and we presume must have had a favourable influence upon the taste of that country. But their utility would be general, if their circulation were rendered so, by translations into the different languages. Don Tomas de Yriarte, we are sorry to say, has paid the debt of nature. His editor would have more obliged the public if, instead of the vocabulary subjoined to these fables, (which is very imperfect, and often deludes the student into the double trouble of seeking the words therein first and afterwards in a dictionary) he had given a brief memoir of his life. We subjoin one of these fables as a specimen of his manner:

*La Campana y el Esquibon.*

En cierta catedral una campana habia  
Que solo se tocaba algun solemne dia.  
Con el mas recio son, con pausado compas  
Quatro golpes, o tres solia dar, no mas.  
Por esto, y ser mayor de la ordinaria marca,  
Celebrada fué siempre en toda la comarca.  
Tenia la ciudad en su jurisdiccion  
Una abdea infeliz, de corta poblacion,  
Siendo su parroquial una pobre iglesita  
Con chico campanario a modo de una ermita  
Y un rajado Esquibon, pendiente en medio  
Era alli qui en hacia el principal papel.  
Afin de que imitase aqueste Campanario  
Al de la catedral, dispuso el vecindario  
Que despacio, y muy poco el dichoso Esquibon  
Se hubiese de tocar solo en tal qual funcion

Y pudo tanto aquello, en la gente aldeana,  
Que el Esquibon paso por una gran campana.  
Muy verosimil es; pues que la gravedad  
Suple en muchos así por la capacidad  
Dignanse rara vez de despegar, sur labios,  
Y piensan que con esto imitan a los sabios.

\* Suspended in a minster tower,  
There was a bell of mighty power,  
Which, thrice or four times, never more,  
On holy day was heard to pour  
Its deep ton'd thunder, swinging slow  
With measur'd pause, at every blow.  
For this, and its prodigious size,  
'Twas famous in the neighbouring eyes.  
    ' Within the city-liberty  
There lay a wretched chapelry,  
So poor and scant of population,  
A hovel serv'd the congregation  
For parish church; and in a cage  
Like cupola of an hermitage,  
A ting-tang dangling in the middle;  
Though crack'd, yet acted as first fiddle.  
To rival the cathedral belfry,  
'Twas fix'd by order of a vestry;  
To toll the aforesaid hardly ever,  
Majestically slow, and never  
But on some reverend occasion;  
So powerful was the alteration,  
That, with the village-folk, their hand-bell,  
Thenceforward passed for a grand bell.

    ' A likely tale; for gravity  
Acts in the generality,  
The part of the capacity;  
Who deign to speak, once in an age,  
Ween that thereby they play the sage.'



## DIGEST OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

### RELIGION.

MR. JERNINGHAM'S 'Alexandrian School' is an elegant performance, which is equally honourable to his erudition as a scholar, and to his charity as a christian. The posthumous work of P. le Courayer, which has lately been published by Dr. Bell of Westminster, contains a candid and highly satisfactory statement of the scriptural argument against the divinity of Jesus Christ. One point we think P. le Courayer has so clearly proved that it will hardly be disputed even by the most orthodox trinitarians who read his book, that, whether Jesus Christ were or were not the son of God, in a manner totally different from that in which any other righteous man ever was, still that the divinity of his person is no where inculcated in the New Testament as an *essential article of belief*. Now if it be not an essential of belief, it necessarily follows that no church nor society of christians ought to inculcate it *as if it were essential*, and exclude all from their communion who will not subscribe to the truth of that which the gospel no where clearly teaches, nor authoritatively enjoins. The divinity of the *mission* of Jesus is so plainly revealed, that it cannot be an object of dispute to those who believe in the truth of the Scriptures; but the divinity of the person of Jesus is not enforced by one definite and unambiguous declaration. Now for a moment supposing the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus to be fairly deduced from the Scriptures by probable inference, we ask, are the *inferences of men* to be deemed of equal value, or to be received with equal respect as the simple and indubitable declarations of the word of God? One of the great errors even of protestant churches has been to inculcate their deductions from ob-

scure and uncertain texts of scripture, which they have only imperfectly understood, with as much magisterial authority and intolerance as if they were the certain and infallible injunctions of scripture, which it indicated not only ignorance but wickedness to dispute. Most of the protestant communions in Europe, at the very time that they disclaimed any infallible guide in the person of the pope, have still set up a claim to infallibility in their own creeds and articles. Thus while they got rid of one idol in the Vatican, they have not only fabricated, but actually set up and worshipped numerous others in their own petty sanctuaries.

### HISTORY.

Mr. Bruce's '*Annals of the honourable East India Company*,' do not extend beyond the year 1708. His work discovers industry and research, but it is not characterized by impartiality. Instead of the candid historian, Mr. Bruce often appears only as the interested advocate of the claims of the company to the continuance of their monopoly.

### BIOGRAPHY.

Whitaker's '*Life and Correspondence of Sir George Radcliffe*' is an insipid and uninteresting work. With the exception of the letters of Lord Strafforde, there is nothing in the whole volume, which ought to save it from the hands of the pastry-cooks and trunk-makers. In the '*Life of Torquato Tasso*,' Mr. Black has displayed considerable diligence in collecting materials; but he has shown but little taste or skill in the arrangement. His narrative is tedious and desultory, too much interrupted by dry discussions and common-place remarks. The '*Memoirs of Victor Alfieri*, written by himself,' are curious and amusing. They contain a sort of interesting analysis of the mind and heart, the thoughts and sensations of a very extraordinary individual. Victor Alfieri cannot be accused of having drawn a very flattering likeness of himself. '*The life of Dr. Beilby Porteus*, by a lay-member of Merton College, Oxford,' though a well-meant performance, comes too much under the denomination of gossiping biography to merit our applause.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Abu Taleb's 'Travels in Asia, Africa, and Europe,' are a very amusing work. He was an acute and attentive observer of what he saw and heard; and his descriptions appear to be in the highest degree accurate and just. His narrative is not encumbered with any idle exaggeration or sentimental parade; nor does it disgust by the perpetual intrusion of vanity and self-conceit. The 'political essay on the kingdom of New Spain,' by M. de Humboldt, which has been well translated by Mr. John Black, throws more light on the actual state of New Spain than any work which has been hitherto published. It contains abundance of information to interest the philosopher, the merchant, and the politician.

## PHILOSOPHY, MORAL, PHYSICAL, AND METAPHYSICAL.

We have given an analysis of 'the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society for the year 1810, part 1,' in our Number for January. Mr. Harpur's 'Essay on the principles of philosophical criticism' is an excellent performance. He has admirably illustrated those principles of criticism which have their origin in the nature of things and of the human mind. The 'Essays on the sources of the pleasures received from literary compositions,' exhibit evidence of much care and diligence; the style is distinguished by the *come* and the *amoenum*; and though there is no originality in the thoughts, and the quotations are not always happily adapted to the rules, they are well qualified to assist in improving the taste, while they will contribute to impress such sentiments as tend to meliorate the heart. Dugald Stewart's 'Philosophical Essays,' though often elegant and ingenious, do not teach us any thing respecting the human mind which we did not know before. Mr. Stewart's essays are sometimes only a more dilute expansion of parts of his former work, but both contain proofs of the same vigorous, well-furnished, and discriminating intellect.

## POETRY.

In Mr. Grahame's poem on the slave-trade, which Mr. Bowyer has invested with the luxury of the graphic and

the typographic art, the author has in the three first books given a full, true, and particular account of this horrid traffic from its commencement to the present period. In the fourth book of this work Mr. Grahame ceases to be a mere chronicler of events in measured prose, and exhibits the consequences of the abolition in verses which kindle with the inspiration of the muse. The *poetry* of Mr. Grahame is characterized by a smooth and agreeable flow of thought and diction, with some passages which indicate a very delicate and sensitive taste, and possess that kind of charm which makes the sensation of beauty vibrate to the heart. But still we fear that the excellencies of Mr. Grahame are outnumbered by his defects, and that though he has many passages which may be read with delight, he has more which cannot be perused without aversion and disgust. In 'The Curse of Kehama,' Mr. Southey has once more proved how great a poet he might be if the single gift of sober judgment were added to his other splendid qualifications. But wanting this high corrective quality of the mind, which bears a strong affinity to what is commonly called good sense, Mr. Southey must be content to occupy in the poetical hemisphere a station far below that of some whose works are not so richly illumined with the varied ornaments of sentiment, imagery, and diction. Mr. Southey's poetry abounds with the most glaring inequalities, as if he were emulous to shew not only how near he could approach, but how far he could recede, from the best models of the fair and good in poetical composition, and combine at once the extremes of beauty and deformity. In his curse of Kehama Mr. Southey seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate in the choice of the subject; and the Hindoo mythology, in which it is involved, must for ever have prevented it from becoming generally interesting, even though there had been more skill in the construction of the tale, and less absurdity and extravagance in the general execution. Those who are in the habit of declaiming against the insipidity of regular metre, will, in time, be cured of that infirmity by feeling the effect produced by the highly disorderly and licentious versification of Mr. Southey. However varied it may seem, the reader will often find it wearisome and monotonous in the extreme. Mr. William Stewart Rose has made no addition to his poetical fame by his 'Crusade of St. Lewis and King Edward the Martyr.' Mr. Vernal's 'Pleasures of Possession,' is an agreeable performance,

breathing the fervors of benevolence, and not destitute of poetical interest. The 'Poems by Miss Holford,' exhibit a melancholy falling off from the lofty excellence of her fine poem entitled 'Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk.' That poem entitles Miss W. to a very honourable station among the bards of the present day, which we hope that she will not forfeit by indulging, with too little care and consideration, the common propensities of authorship.

### NOVELS.

The 'Tales, by the author of the Exemplary Mother,' are instructive and agreeable, and tend to strengthen the ties of morality and religion. 'Wieland; or, the Transformation,' as well as 'Ormond; or, the Secret Witness,' are the productions of a mind of no ordinary powers. Both these works possess some strong points of interest, and some forcible delineations of the human heart in very novel and striking situations; but both probably contain rather too much extravagance of horror; and the general impression which the perusal of both leaves on the mind, is rather that of consternation and dismay than of delight or satisfaction. Miss Harvey's novel of 'The Mourtray Family,' exhibits the common occurrences of fashionable life without any outrage on probability, or any striking deviation from the likeness of the *bright originals*.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Cruise's 'Treatise on the Origin and Nature of Dignities and Titles of Honour,' contains a good deal of matter which may be useful to the lawyer, and agreeable to the antiquary. Captain Foskett's 'Rights of the Army vindicated,' is an important pamphlet, not merely from its relation to an injured individual, but to a question in which the British army are materially interested. The 'Hints for a reform in the Criminal Law, by a late member of Parliament,' contain some judicious suggestions for the improvement of that important part of our legal code. Mr. Thelwal's 'Letter to Henry Cline, Esq.' is an agreeable melange on subjects more or less connected with his professional pursuits. In his work on the 'Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb,' Dr. Watson has shewn



how well qualified he is to accomplish the philanthropic task which he has undertaken. The 'Inquiry into the Causes producing the extraordinary addition to the number of Insane,' &c. by Dr. W. S. Hallaran, contains some important facts and some useful observations. Mr. Woods' 'Observations on the present price of Bullion,' are temperate and sensible. The remedy which he proposes in order to check the tremendous evil of an increased and increasing paper-currency is very lenient, and would probably be efficacious. If the Bank were compelled gradually to withdraw a certain portion of their notes from circulation, till the price of gold bullion fell to a level, or nearly to a level with the mint price, the growth of the calamity would, at least, be repressed; and the Bank would be prevented from gratifying their inordinate rapacity at the expence of the public interest. A powerful corrective might also be found in the establishment of another bank, with privileges similar to those of the Bank of England, on the condition that their notes should not, like those of the old bank, be mere promissory pieces of paper, but payable in specie at the pleasure of the holder.

AN

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